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MISS MARGARITA DREXEL.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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THE COLONIES AND THE YOUNGER SON.

FOR the first time at the last General Election the Colonial newspapers found it worth their while to send special correspondents to the Mother Country. This is a practical proof of the interest which is now taken by the Colonies in the centre of the Empire. Those who direct the business of the great newspapers which have grown up in Canada and other oversea dominions of the King do not take a sentimental, but a business view of their duties. They provide their readers with the material that they desire. Obviously it will be of great interest and advantage to lay bare, if possible, the substantial as opposed to the merely sentimental bonds of Empire. In doing so we do not mean in any way to disparage the feelings of loyalty and affection which animate so many of our Colonies, but it is advisable to trace the workings of an enlightened self-interest, particularly when, as in this case, it happens that the interest of Great Britain and the interest of the Colonies is one and the same thing.

In the King's great undeveloped lands beyond the sea the chief demand at the moment is the man with capital. The impecunious labourer is not without his value, but in the work of development there is urgent need for the man of means. That is the outcry in Canada itself, and still more so is it the need of South Africa, and particularly Rhodesia. In the latter there is a huge extent of country consisting in great proportion of fertile land that only wants developing. New industries like tobacco-growing and cotton-growing are assuming annually

larger proportions. Mining is a lucrative calling with large possibilities in front of it; but behind all this lie the ordinary pursuits of the husbandman, the tillage of the land, the growing of cereal and other crops, the cultivation of fruit, and the breeding and rearing of live-stock.

It would be useless for a labourer to go out there and take land with nothing but his own bone and muscle to depend upon. He who has the best chance of prospering must possess capital, with which to buy seeds, implements and the other adjuncts of successful farming. The amount that he should have at his command cannot be exactly defined, but those who know best say that five hundred pounds is the minimum, and that if a man possesses seven hundred pounds or even a little more, his chances of doing well will be very considerably improved. Of course, the handicap under which he has to work is that of transport. If there were a waterway from Rhodesia to the sea, the attractiveness of the colony would be very greatly increased. But even with this disadvantage the colony is one in which a man with ordinary industry and enterprise may hope for an adequate and even a rich return.

In Australia and New Zealand there is the same need for the man with some capital, although labour, too, is very much required. The question then arises whether the Old Country can supply a sufficient number of emigrants of this type. Of course, it is not sufficient that a man should possess the money. It is necessary also that he should be of the particular temperament that is calculated to succeed in the Colonies. The youth of poetic and artistic tastes, whose pleasure is obtained and whose interest is excited by libraries and art collections, may confidently be advised to stay where he is. But, on the other hand, there are numbers of plucky and muscular Englishmen whose pleasures lie chiefly in the open air. Probably there is an increased number of those who by inheritance or otherwise are able to command sufficient capital for the purpose. At home the possession of a capital of, say, seven hundred pounds makes very little difference to a young man. At four per cent. it would yield him twenty-eight pounds a year, which may be, and no doubt is, a very useful supplement to an income, but is much too small for any other purpose. In England it would not be sufficient to stock and carry on a farm of modern dimensions, assuming, as most agriculturists would, that the capital for stocking and working a holding ought not to be less than ten pounds per acre. Seventy acres is at the best only a small holding that might possibly yield a labouring-man more than he could earn by his handiwork; but it could not give an educated young man the income that he very properly regards as requisite to provide him with those necessities and luxuries of life to which he has been accustomed. But if he has been, as is surely the case with the majority of young Englishmen, brought up with a love of country pursuits and has acquired even a little knowledge of the practical work of cultivation, a sum such as we have mentioned will be enough to give him an adequate start in a new country like Rhodesia. Land can be acquired there in blocks of about three thousand acres on terms that allow the purchase-money to be easily paid. Of competition there is scarcely any in the sense in which we understand the word. In fact, in all that territory there are only some twelve thousand white people as compared with half a million natives. The towns and industries have not yet been founded, and those who are in at the beginning will have every chance of being very wealthy men indeed when even a moderate stage of development is reached. The young Englishman who has been prepared for a profession will, of course, find his best scope at home. The intellectual callings flourish best where the population is thickest; but certainly that great regiment of youths who have no particular genius for anything, and are, as a rule, healthy and good-natured, who play cricket and football and other athletic games, and who frankly recognise themselves that they are not highly intellectual, will find in Colonial life much that will satisfy their desires. To them the pursuits of agriculture afford a special kind of enjoyment, and the field sports in which they delight will be presented to them in a new and most delightful form, while the resources of the country promise that with ordinary proficiency they will rise to assured wealth and standing.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Margarita Drexel, whose marriage to Viscount Maidstone has been announced. Miss Drexel is the daughter of Mr. Anthony Drexel of 22, Grosvenor Square, and New York.

It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES

A VERY important resolution was passed unanimously at a meeting of the executive committee of the Tuberculosis (Animals) Committee held on February 2nd, the Earl of Northbrook presiding. It was as follows: "That any legislation dealing with the milk supply should be of a general character, should be uniform and universal in its application, and that, pending such general legislation being passed, no further powers should be given to any local authority by private legislation." Steps are to be taken with the view of inducing members of Parliament to use their influence to oppose any private legislation having for its object the conferring of additional powers on local authorities with regard to the milk supply. This is a resolution much in agreement with the views expressed in some previous articles on the milk question in *COUNTRY LIFE*, and as the question must have been considered from many different points of view by the committee, it is very satisfactory that the conclusions arrived at should be much the same. No local legislation can be effective in securing (throughout the country) a clean and wholesome milk supply, which is the need of the present moment. Special powers conferred on any particular local authority are only liable to divert suspected milk into those districts whose authorities do not enjoy the advantage of such protection.

The defect of the present legislation lies mainly in its local and optional character. It prescribes regulations in one district and not in another. Only a general Act, uniform and universal in its application, will remove the unfairness that exists, and do away with the necessity of local authorities, especially in large towns which ask Parliament for special powers in order to protect themselves. This resolution from so powerful an organisation as that of the Tuberculosis (Animals) Committee comes at a very opportune moment, and should be of great service in directing the attention of Parliament to the importance of general rather than patchwork legislation on the subject of the milk supply of the country. The committee was formed in December, 1907, for the purpose of watching the interests of agriculture in view of possible legislation with regard to the milk and meat supply. It now consists of representatives of sixty-seven of the principal agricultural, dairy, breed and kindred societies of the United Kingdom.

Much food for reflection is supplied by the publication of the figures showing the amount paid in Death Duties during the twelve years from 1897—1898 to 1908—1909. The total is £211,041,690. At a first glance it conveys an impression of enormous wealth in the possession of the citizens of this country, as this huge sum was paid on about three-quarters of a million estates. But a little further thought is induced by turning the figures over in our mind. When a man dies and his will shows a fortune of anything over a million, it seems to a certain class of mind as though this money had been abstracted from the wealth of the country. This, however, is not the case. In the first place, it has to be remembered that the wealth of the world is not a fixed quantity, and that the majority of large fortunes have actually been created. They were only potentialities till the man of energy came to realise them. They may have slept in the rock as gold, lain underground as coal, or existed in the shape of material out of which oil could be manufactured. He who turned them to account added to the wealth of the world. That makes one side of the question clear; but there is another.

In these days the man of fortune does not abstract his money from industry. On the contrary, he invests it in enterprises that he considers successful, and which are conducive to the public welfare. At his death it will probably be found that he has railway shares in various parts of the world, that he has shares in companies formed for the purpose of carrying out useful industries, and in the vast majority of cases these are producing goods for the benefit of the world at large. When he dies and the Death Duties are levied, his executors are compelled to sell stocks, shares and other property, and to hand the amount levied over to the Government. In its turn the Government spends the money, usefully in some cases, uselessly in others. It has to pay for national defence, for the maintenance of law and order, for education, and a great many other clearly useful purposes; but it also spends money on schemes which are unremunerative, and of doubtful advantage to the community. On economical grounds it is at least arguable that money which is taken from industrial capital to pay Old Age Pensions is not profitably expended, and perhaps it would be well if some of our political philosophers would follow this chain of reasoning out to its logical conclusion, and thus give a clue to the statesmen who are responsible for taking wealth from industry and giving it to administration.

When the King was at Brighton lately he showed a great deal of interest in that excellent institution, Mr. W. B. Gentle's Police-Aided Poor Children's Clothing Fund. Apart from its charitable work, it is producing a most desirable effect in changing the attitude of the dwellers in mean streets towards the police force. On a moment's reflection it will be apparent to anyone that the policeman, who has to be in the most miserable parts of a town during all times of the day and night, and who is often called upon in court to give evidence as to the antecedents and characters of those who are placed in the dock, has unrivalled opportunities to find out the real state of the poor. He knows which can be helped with advantage, and which are hopeless. It is found in Brighton that his connection with this fund has engendered a new and far more kindly feeling towards the policeman. His visits, instead of being viewed with suspicion, are welcomed, and his moral authority has been very greatly increased since it came to be known that he was acting as a friend and not only as a guardian of the peace. In fact, the plan has worked so well that its extension to other towns can only be a question of time.

THE OLD TRAMPIN' WOMAN.

Och but it's tired I am to-night
Of the long wet roads an' the cryin' wind,
An' the lonely bogs where the shadows lie,
An' the hills beyond an' the moors behind.
Och but it's tired I am, so tired,
It's aching my ould feet are to-night
An' I wish I'd a wee little house somewhere,
Wid a turf-fire to sit by, warm an' bright.
Och I wish I'd a weeshy small hut for my own,
Just somewhere to go when the long day's done,
Wid a stool by the hearth an' a grey flagg'd floor,
An' the peat-fire as red as the settin' sun,
Like some of the houses I see on the road,
Wid the childer close to the cheerful blaze,
But och—they don't value the home enough,
For they don't know the toil o' the trampin' days.
Och but it's tired I am to-night,
An' it's weary an' lone goes the heart in me,
Of the cryin' wind, an' the driftin' rain,
An' the pines that sob like the sobbin' sea,
Och if some little ould hut somewhere
Stood waitin' me wid the door set wide—
Oh, God—I'd forget all the life of care,
An' take my rest from the road—inside.

AUGUSTA HANCOCK.

In the daily bill of fare, even at the best hotels and restaurants, it is astonishing how content the cook is to depend for variety on two homely vegetables. The list looks imposing till one comes to examine it closely and to find that potatoes, boiled, fried, *sauté* and in their jackets, form one-half of it and cabbage the other. If the newly-formed National Vegetable Society is able to add a little novelty to this monotonous show, it will have justified its existence. Just now those who possess kitchen gardens are busily engaged in the study of catalogues and seed lists, and it may be worth their while to look at the schedule of comparatively rare dishes for which prizes are offered for competition. Any private grower may add to his own interest and the variety of his table by cultivating such vegetables as Chinese artichokes, golden butter beans, salsify, celeriac, chickory, the egg-plant, couve tronchuda, custard marrows and sea-kale beet. If dishes of this kind were presented from time to time on a table they would add considerably to the popularity of vegetables.

Once when a celebrated orator was addressing an audience of broken-down men he began, "Gentlemen," then hesitated—"Sons of gentlemen." We are reminded of the anecdote by the arrangements which have been made for holding a poets' dinner in April, when the company will consist, it appears, as much of the sons and descendants of poets as of poets themselves. Lord Crewe is to take the chair, and he, of course, is both a poet and the son of a poet. Among the other guests there will be descendants of Shakespeare, Dryden, Crabbe, Robert Browning, Edmund Spenser, William Somerville, Edmund Waller, Robert Southey, Robert Burns, William Collins, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Byron. We are afraid that this brave array holds out a greater prospect of interest than is likely to be realised. Unfortunately, the hereditary principle does not apply very well to poetry. The sons of the great bards have in many instances turned out to be very worthy, respectable and prosaic citizens. The examples are few and far between in which poetic genius has been transmitted from father to son.

Hunting men will greatly regret the resignation of Mr. Butt Miller, who for twenty-two seasons has been the Master of the Vale of White Horse (Cricklade) Hounds. It has been rendered inevitable by ill-health. Mr. Miller was one of the comparatively few sportsmen entitled to be called thorough. He came to the V.W.H. from the Oakley, where he had qualified as huntsman by taking the place of Tom Whitmore when he was ill. He hunted his own hounds from the beginning, and the verve and efficiency with which he did so soon became widely known, and drew riding men from all parts of the country. There is no better judge of hounds, and he set his mind on the improvement of the kennel and made it what it now is—one of the strongest outside the Shires. Mr. Miller was extremely popular with the farmers, and, indeed, there is no class of sportsmen anywhere but will sincerely regret the necessity for his retirement.

At a recent meeting of the Institute of Bankers, Mr. Huth Jackson, a director of the Bank of England, spoke at some length upon the subject of handwriting. It appears that the national caligraphy is rapidly going from bad to worse; and a golden opportunity is thus offered to writers with pessimistic tendencies, who hold views upon the connection between handwriting and character. The bad writing of most public school boys has often been discussed. It has been ascribed to the infliction of "lines" as a form of punishment, to the prevalence of stylographic pens, to haste, or to general slackness. If study of the copy-book took a more prominent part in the public school curriculum, we might expect to see more legible writing from our professional men. But anyone who has seen the hideously-shaped letters of the modern individual who has been brought up on the Board School copy-book would deplore the universal adoption of this style of writing. It is really a question of balancing our prejudices. Is the inconvenience caused by a beautiful, but illegible scrawl greater than our abhorrence of a legible but æsthetically insupportable MSS., the letters of which slope backwards at various angles?

Lord Kelvin, whose life is reviewed in another column, differed from a large number of scientific men by having a reverence for his mother tongue. He disliked extremely such ill-formed words as "physicist" and "scientist," yet he added a few terms to the English vocabulary. "Kinetic," "ælotropic," "circutal" and "positional" are cases in point. He defended the last with the remark that it was "a single adjective used to avoid a sea of troubles here." A good story is told of his famous definition of the ideal magnet as an "infinitely long, infinitely thin, uniform and uniformly and longitudinally magnetised rod of steel." When he gave this definition in a staccato that became a mannerism, the students punctuated it by tapping on the floor with their feet, causing the professor to cry at the end "Silence!" One day they conspired not to make the customary noise, but so strong was habit that at the end he cried "Silence!" just the same.

Britons are not resorting in their usual numbers to the South of France this year. The reason commonly given for the Briton's conspicuous absence from the Riviera is that the General Election kept him at home. Possibly, but the Election was finished in time for him to be off if his migratory instinct had been at all strong. It is possible to ask whether his past experience of the winter climate of the South of France may not have counted for something in his motives for staying at home. Of course, more recently the lamentable condition of Paris, through which he would naturally pass, has supplied yet another motive; but most of our voters might have gone South before the worst of that sad trouble declared itself. Is it not the truth that the Briton is beginning to distrust the European climate, even at its best, in winter, and, unless he can go beyond its boundaries, prefers his native heath?

Whatever be the future of the new Parliament, it opened very pleasantly. On one subject at least all parties were in agreement. This was the choice of Mr. Lowther as Speaker of the House of Commons. His election was moved by "The Father of the House," who now happens to be that most respected of Labour members, Mr. Thomas Burt. In was seconded by Mr. Henry Chaplin, who returns to Parliament amid signs of personal affection such as are excited but by few personalities. The Prime Minister's address to the newly-chosen speaker was unusually felicitous even for him, and his remarks were heartily endorsed by the leaders of the Opposition. Without making invidious comparisons, however, it may be said that the most interesting utterances were those of the Speaker himself. Mr. Lowther's tact is unfailing. Nothing could have been in better taste than his insistence upon the fact that no greatness on the part of the Speaker could avail him unless he is successful in obtaining the sympathy of the House of Commons.

DISGUISE.

I travelled side by side with Solitude
Across the immensurable Plain of Days,
When, lo, One sped adown the barren ways,
Masked, and in close-drawn mantle sombre-hued,
"Who is the maid?" I cried. Came answer none,
For Solitude was gone.

Then I, new-hoping, swift pursued my prize;
"Tarry!" I prayed, "in sacred Friendship's name;
Sore is my need!" Reluctantly she came,
Casting her mantle—half of her disguise.
"Alas!" she said. "What help have I to lend?
I am not Friendship, friend."

Revealed in beauty past imagining
She stood; for, lo, beneath her sober shroud
Her gown was gossamer, as some dawn-cloud
Filched from the rosy treasure-house of Spring.
"Love! Thou art Love!" I cried. She shook her head—
"Not Love, beloved," she said.

I feared. "Who art thou, then, that dardest come
Clad in Love's mask and Friendship's domino?"
She bared her face. "Beloved! Thou dost not know?
I am thy comrade, and thy soul my home."
Slowly she turned, and once again I viewed
The eyes of Solitude.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

The very names of those who assembled on Tuesday night to do honour to Mr. Harold Cox suggest the manner in which independence is crushed out of existence by the rigid cast-iron politics of to-day. Lord Rosebery is himself a striking example of genius half lost because it will not be tied to party. Lord Cromer finds himself in the wilderness. The three names cited by Lord Rosebery as those of men sacrificed to Moloch because they will not "pool their conscience" were Mr. Harold Cox himself, the Hon. F. W. Lambton and Lord Hugh Cecil. They are all men whom politicians of both sides crowd to hear, but they are thrown out because they will not become part of the machine. This is an ominous sign of the times. Another is that the great industrial populations now move in huge blocks, as is shown by the magnitude of the majorities given to either side.

A very interesting experiment is to be tried in the Blagdon reservoir, near Bristol—the introduction into that already well-stocked water of a large number of trout from New Zealand. It is a reversal of the earlier policy of sending our own trout out to the Antipodes, where they have grown to such great size in some of the large rivers and lakes. Our own is being returned to us with usury. It will be curious to watch whether the race of New Zealand giants will have the effect of increasing the size of our native stock. It is very doubtful whether it will do so at all—or for more than a generation; for the growth of fish depends so much on the food supply. But should it ever so far succeed, we shall have arrived at an interesting result.

Probably it has occurred to a good many of us at one time or other to be surprised by the difficulty of finding any shelter from winds and flying sand when we have tried to seat ourselves among sand dunes in the intervals of watching a golf match or with the loftier object of communing with Nature and the sad sea waves. A brief study of the lecture delivered by Dr. Vaughan Cornish before the Royal Geographical Society on "Waves in Sand" will remove much of this astonishment, though it will not tend to make these sandy shelters more comfortable. When the wind blows over the crest of a dune, said the lecturer, a whirling wheel of sand is formed, working on

a horizontal axle. In the lee (or what the shelter seeker fondly calls the lee) of the dune there would be a back current towards it again. It is this back current which explains both the gritty discomfort of the sitter and also the formation of waves and ridges, for while those sand grains blown into the air and falling

within the back current would be carried back to the leeward side of the ridge from which they were first taken up by the wind, those which fell a little further away, beyond the return current, would be carried forward to the next ridge. Thus the trough is kept empty as the waves are formed.

COTTAGE CHILDREN AT PLAY.

SOME of our readers may be pardoned if, on looking at the charming photographs we publish this week of cottage children taken unconsciously at their pastimes, they wish that they themselves were in a similar position. There is everything in it that makes for enjoyment, and the pictures bring out very pointedly the difference between the children of the rich and the children of the poor, in which the former, to say the least of it, have not the advantage. At our schools, seminaries and colleges the tendency is for games to be too carefully organised. They become a kind of business, and the

schoolboy's proficiency begins to be recorded at a very early age. There is too little irresponsibility, freedom, and spontaneity. In compensation there is no doubt that the training and discipline in organised games will tell greatly in the formation of character. The boy who has learnt to play cricket, football, or any other school game, has at the same time received many valuable lessons in conduct. He is taught, for instance, the fundamental principles of patriotism when he learns to put the advantage of

his school or side before any personal distinction. The same spirit that sustains the *esprit de corps* of a school may be



J. D. Berwick.

BY THE COTTAGE DOOR.

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J. D. Berwick.

A COUNTRY LANE.

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counted on afterwards to do the same thing for the Empire.

Moreover, the carefully conducted games and exercises of a good school usually have the result of rendering the muscles of the scholars more supple, more adaptable, and more efficient in every way. Still, when all that has been said, we doubt if the balance is much in the favour of the upper class boy. At any rate, it requires but little imagination to follow the children of our pictures into pursuits of the most delightful character. The cottage child is as a rule not good at organised games, except in the case of those of the very simplest kind.

He is to a large extent thrown on his own resources for his amusement, and very often his pleasure is closely connected with work.

For instance, we see in at least two of these illustrations a very early introduction to the society of the animals of the



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FEEDING-TIME.

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farmyard. The labourer and his family very seldom are able to look upon pigs, chickens, foals and the other domestic animals as pets. They may, and in the majority of cases do, like them. Between the ploughman and his team, for instance, there is often a strong bond of sympathy. But the question of ownership probably intervenes between that feeling and the still closer one with which a pet is regarded. Then there are also responsibilities. When almost an infant, the cottage child is sent to feed one kind of animal and herd another, always with the knowledge that he in the meantime will be regarded as responsible for

their welfare. In children sent out to work too early the effect of this will sometimes be noticeable in a premature expression of care. Fortunately, there are amusements in which this element does not enter. One of them is suggested in the group of children by the brook.



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THE SPELL OF RUNNING WATER.

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To infantile minds the possibilities of running water as a means of amusement are inexhaustible. Even in the hard days of winter it provides at least in its pools ice for skating and sliding, and when the thaw comes, the consequent flood is, even on the cold days of February, an attraction for those who have boats to sail. Some of these little vessels are of the roughest description, roughly hewn for the occasion only, but others have furnished employment for the long winter nights, and considering that the tools employed are of the most primitive kind, as often as not only a pocket-knife and chisel, it is astonishing how neat and well-shaped some of the boats are. As the year advances the spell of the brook is more felt than ever. The bank has its own special kinds of birds' nesting, and in the early days of spring, while the rushes and sedges are still only sprouting, it is easy to find numbers of nests that in a little while will be covered by luxuriant vegetation. This is one of the pleasantest occupations provided by the brook, because it leads to those interminable wanderings in which the pleasure is all the greater because it is unconscious.

Fishing comes in good time. Often it begins with the very simple art of catching mussels by means of a pointed stick. The habit of these shell-fish, when undisturbed, is to open their valves for the food provided by the moving stream. When anything hard is inserted they fasten like a small vice, and in this way are drawn out of the water. Many a one who has become an expert fisherman dates his interest in the art to this very simple beginning. Probably enough, the very strictest rules of the game are not very closely observed. The healthy country boy, when he sees a trout in a pool, has an impulse to catch it which it is not always good to restrain. In summer, when the waters are low, he may resort to one of the methods called "gump-ing," "guddling," or "tick-ling," which provide at any rate a maximum of excitement. Not much harm is done to the game either. The stream in which these arts can be employed must be extremely small, and when trout are imprisoned in a pool during a dry summer it is tolerably certain that if the roving school-boy did not happen to get them they would fall a prey to the otter or some other of their natural enemies. At such times the sea-gulls, for example, make their way far inland and beat the streams regularly for the sake of such trout as they can catch. One has often watched them doing it and admired a certain knowledge and skill in which they emulate human beings. They seem to know instinctively that a fish lies with his head up stream, and that, therefore, if they were flying down stream they would meet his eye immediately and cause him to seek shelter under the bank or the nearest boulder. We have often watched them in the hill country steadily fishing up for a couple of miles or so, and then when they had got to the top of their beat, swing round in a great circle and get back to the lower point on the river at which they had previously begun. Instinctively the boy learns this in the same way as the sea-gulls, and it is astonishing how clever and quiet these village children are when approaching a wary trout or any other living object.

The majority of those who understand our rural conditions will, we think, agree with the statement that the children, far from injuring the waters by their frequent raids, do not take to fishing as much as their predecessors used to. For this, no doubt, the schoolmaster with his stricter rules and enlarged

home-lessons is to blame, and it is not at all certain that the boys would not be better following the stream through meadow and moorland than enclosed within four walls poring over their books.

Another picture, that of the children beside the pinewood, suggests a whole world of pleasure and amusement. It is not given to every village to have a pinewood in which the inhabitants are permitted to roam at will. The gamekeeper and his employer would not encourage the visitation of even the quietest boy to the woodlands at the time of year when the breeding and rearing of game are in full swing. It would scarcely conduce to good shooting in the autumn if there were any laxity in this matter. But fortunately there are in many districts woodlands in which the public are permitted to ramble. Some are remnants of the great forests of England, such as we find in the New Forest, Epping Forest and the Forest of Dean. Others



J. D. Berwick.

HAPPY AS A KING.

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are grounds that have been good-naturedly left open by a succession of owners. In the North of England there is very often close to the village a wood growing on either side of a ravine and called a "dene." It has a rookery in the middle, and when it lay away from the centre of the estate it was not uncommon in the olden times for the cottagers to have permission to take the young rooks for squab pie. If the fathers were allowed to shoot the rooks, the children participated in the pleasure by going to the dene or plantation on their own account to gather primroses and seek for nests. The wood of our illustration scarcely belongs to this category. It is a pine-wood, but, no doubt, there are pathways leading through it, and under the shadow and mystery of these trees the cottage children love to play. The effect of taking recreation in this way is to impart a love of Nature and wild life, and to encourage the habit

of solitary reflection, qualities which no one would disparage at this time of day. They have not, however, the disciplinary effect of carefully organised games, and it is an undoubted fact that the cottage boy left to grow in his own way, though he may develop character and originality of his own, is also apt to be slack and clumsy in his physical build, and to lack that sense of discipline and power of self-abnegation which are derived from organised games.

The moral of all this is plain. As it is desirable that the physique of the village children should be improved, it would be well that they should be given some of the physical education that is now being adopted in the best schools. Something is accomplished by drill; but we are afraid that this is accomplished usually in a perfunctory manner. The boy that enjoys the pastimes that we have described would make an ideal scout for General Baden-Powell; but to perfect him

in this he would require to have more muscle and more power of endurance than the average village boy possesses. One obstacle undoubtedly lies in his food. Physical training is all very well, but it must be backed up by wholesome nourishment. To secure this ought not to be a difficult matter. In these days, when nearly every cottage has an allotment or large garden attached to it, the means of wholesome food are at the disposal of the occupant; but then cottagers are supremely ignorant of the best means of turning their facilities to account. The manner in which they feed children makes it surprising that any of them come to maturity. If it were not for the fresh air to which they are continually exposed, it is doubtful if any but a small percentage would survive. The physical education of the villager, therefore, must be preceded by the better education of the womenkind in the art of preparing a good diet out of the simple materials at their disposal.

IN THE GARDEN.

SOME NEGLECTED VEGETABLES.

THOSE who care for their gardens show as much interest in the vegetable as in the flower, and this praiseworthy departure, for such it is, merits encouragement. We are beginning to realise the wholesomeness of good vegetables, and in thinking of this another phase of the subject occurs to mind—the importance of greater variety. The following are only a few of the vegetables that deserve consideration. I will take first the

BUTTER BEANS.—Both dwarf and climbing are excellent for the summer, and this class could, with advantage, be made more useful. The dwarf kinds are rarely grown under glass, but they are excellent when forced, as they give as good a return as the other varieties. Golden Waxpod, or, as it is known on the Continent, the Butter Bean, is remarkable for its fleshy pods and flavour. The pods are borne in abundance, and some of the varieties, especially the “runners” of this type, are invaluable in a dried state. With regard to culture, they are similar in every respect to the ordinary Beans. The older Mont d’Or is a runner Bean, and quite stringless. It is most welcome from June to October when cooked whole, and it is one of the earliest of this section, very tender, fleshy and productive. The White Algerian, which is a tall grower, is a great favourite on the Continent, the dried seeds being useful, and the St. Joseph is also to be recommended. Another very good dwarf variety is the Early Dwarf, which crops very freely and is an excellent variety for ordinary culture in the open ground, as it gives a large crop and occupies a small space. There are many others: The Edible-podded Beans are excellent; Sutton’s Dwarf Sugar is one of the most prolific, and the older variety, Princess, which grows to a height of six feet, is a good table Bean when cooked whole; the Giant White of the French is later, being very vigorous and crops freely.

SUGAR PEAS.—These are not numerous, but they are much neglected; it is seldom that one sees them in English gardens, but at the same time they should not be overlooked; they give variety and are excellent if gathered before the pods get old. The pods must not be shelled, but cooked whole and eaten in this condition. On the Continent Sugar Peas constitute a standard dish. Varieties are numerous and some are worth cultivation in this country for their good quality. They may be grown in a similar way to the ordinary Peas, and are in season from June until September. If a regular succession is desired, the seed should be sown from April to July, according to the demand; they enjoy a well-enriched soil, an open, warm, sunny position, and the pods must be gathered regularly. Few varieties are in English catalogues, and they are mostly known as the French Sugar Pea or Edible-podded; the varieties grown on the Continent are both tall and dwarf, and the best of the former group is undoubtedly the Early Dwarf Brittany, which is two feet high and crops freely. The Dwarf Grey Sugar is excellent, but requires plenty of space; the flowers are pale red, and the pods, which are of excellent flavour, are produced in pairs. The Debarieux (three feet high) bears well, and the Dwarf Frame Sugar is only ten inches high; it is also excellent, but the pods must be eaten when quite young.

MERCURY OR GOOD KING HENRY.—This valuable spring vegetable is in season from April until June, and, although not much known in many counties, in the eastern portion of the kingdom, especially Lincolnshire, it is to be seen in most gardens, and is known under the name of Mercury or Lincolnshire Asparagus. The plant is perennial, a native of Britain, and is found in many parts of Europe; it is of great value for its nutritiousness. For spring supplies I have obtained the best or earliest growths from old plants; these, when divided early in the season, soon furnish an abundance of shoots, or an old bed left undisturbed from the previous year gives an early return. “Good King Henry” is also obtained from seed, which should be sown in spring, planting out the seedlings in well-manured

soil in rows two feet apart and eighteen inches between the plants. It succeeds best in a well-drained soil and repays for good cultivation, although I have seen it thrive in the same place for years. When transplanted as advised the return is much greater. At the start the plants produce tender shoots, and when these are cut about six inches to eight inches long and tied up in bundles, they somewhat resemble Asparagus; but when it is intended to be used in this way, the shoots must be young, as they soon get tough and less palatable. The tender tops of the shoots and leaves may be cut and cooked in the same way as Spinach at a later season. The plant is readily obtained from seed and is known botanically as *Chenopodium Bonus-Henricus*; it is now catalogued by our leading seedsmen.

DANDELION.—This plant is not so much in favour as a vegetable, but it is most useful in spring if the large and thick-leaved variety is grown for that purpose. Of course, for salads when blanched the Dandelion has long been known, as in addition to its value for this purpose it possesses medicinal qualities that cannot be overlooked. Some may think the ordinary field Dandelion is of small value as a vegetable, but this is not the kind it is advisable to grow. There are several distinct forms, some much earlier than others; but all the Dandelions are useful at this season. The Moss-curl variety makes a valuable addition to the salad bowl; but the Thick-leaved Cabbage is the best for use in the way described, as it supplies an enormous quantity of leaves and when cut over soon makes new growth. The plant forms a complete tuft or mass of large, compact, thick leaves, which, when cooked in the same way as Spinach, are excellent. Dandelion will last for years if kept free from seed; that is, the seed-heads should be removed during the summer before they develop.

These are a few notes which I thought would be interesting.
E. T. C.

THE PLUME POPPIES.

IN the wild garden, open parts of the woodland, or even at the back of a large herbaceous border, where plants of a bold and distinct growth are required, the Plume Poppies, *Bocconias*, should find a place. Two are eminently suited for such positions, these being known respectively as *B. cordata* and *B. microcarpa*. Both are hardy herbaceous plants, and during the summer each attains a height of about nine feet, the large shoots having a very much-branched habit. The flowers, though small, are produced in profusion during July and August, and form plume-like masses from which the plant derives its popular name. The two kinds do not differ very considerably, *B. microcarpa* being the best-coloured of the two. These Plume Poppies will grow in almost any soil that has previously been well dug, though a rather clayey medium will give the best results. When planting in the herbaceous border care must be taken not to place them near weaker-growing and choicer plants, as they are voracious feeders and take a vast amount of nourishment from the soil which their roots traverse. Propagation is easily effected by division of the roots in early spring, a season when they may be successfully transplanted. A mass of these plants in the wild garden forms a distinct feature that can be easily produced.

THE CLOUD GRASS.

In those gardens where Sweet Peas are grown largely for house decoration, when cut there is usually a difficulty in securing enough foliage to arrange with the blossoms, as the removal of their own leaves and tendrils on a large scale means the curtailment of the floral display. One of the most suitable and beautiful plants for use in conjunction with Sweet Peas when cut is the dainty little Grass known as *Agrostis nebulosa*, the Cloud Grass, a name that is most suitable on account of the gauze-like appearance of the plant when in flower, the tiny, brownish red blossoms on the very thin and much-branched stems creating a picture that for gracefulness and quiet beauty can hardly be surpassed in the plant world. This Grass possesses the merit of being easy to grow; hence its inclusion in any garden ought not to be attended with difficulty. Most seedsmen supply seeds, and from a packet of these a large number of plants can quickly be raised. Like the Sweet Pea, this Grass is a true annual; hence seeds must be sown every spring, the end of March or early in April being a good time. It will thrive in any soil that has been thoroughly dug and well drained, and the seeds should be sown where the plants are intended to grow. As soon as the seedlings

are an inch or so high it will be necessary to thin them so that they stand at least six inches apart, as the flower-stems, which usually grow about eighteen inches high, branch very freely and need considerable room for their proper development. In addition to its usefulness in conjunction with Sweet Peas, this Grass may be utilised for other flowers which are of a graceful character.

H.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

THE TIME FOR SPRAYING.

IS the present winter, following upon last year's increased prevalence of insect pests, likely to prove conducive to an extension of the ravages among our fruit trees? It seems that the days are gone when the fruit-growing farmer believed that "blight" came with the wind, and the old-time remark that "This be a real blighting day" is seldom heard now. Of late years there has been great improvement in sprayers and fluids used for spraying. To the winter-time rightly belongs the application of caustic washes. These act as killers and cleansers, and, therefore should only be used when the fruit tree buds are closed and dormant. Now, in my orchards, there was hardly a tree with its buds sufficiently tight before Christmas, and one cannot well pick out single trees in acres of orchards. And since Christmas we have not had a day on which spraying could take place with any prospect of success. Every day there has been either frost, rain, or wind, and if this abnormal weather continues, by the end of the month the buds will be so far advanced as to render it too late to spray with those winter fluids which clean out the harbourages of the insects. Therefore later on attacks will have to be made with fluids which, destructive to insect life, are yet harmless to vegetation. But even if this is done the virtues of the winter spray will be missed.

E. W.

THE PROSPECTS FOR BARLEY-SOWING.

It is long since the sheep on turnips have had such a bad winter, and the tugs now coming to market bring with them an astonishing amount of hardened mud. This is bad for the sheep, which cannot possibly thrive when they have to lie down every night in a mud-pool. It is also bad for the land which will have to be planted with barley, a grain of which it is

said it likes to "lie warm in bed." A good seed-bed is essential to success in the production of a fine, even sample of malting barley, and much of the land which has been trodden this winter is at present very far indeed from providing that condition. It will not be advisable to plough it too soon after the sheep, for it will not do to turn the mud underneath. Time must be given for the action of frost and dry winds, which are the best remedies when the land has been trodden to the consistency of mortar. In order to please the maltster and brewer, there must be simultaneous germination of the



A WINNING COCKEREL.

seed all over the field, and an acre or two badly put in is almost sure to spoil the whole for making the top price.

THE JUBILEE OF THE R.A.B.I.

The Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution has now been in existence for fifty years, and this thought takes us back to the days of Alderman Mechi, who used to write us such stirring lectures on steam cultivation and good drainage. He was one of the prime movers on the founding of the Benevolent Institution, and whatever farmers may have thought of his diatribes against their old-fashioned methods, all agree that that work ennobled his career and gave him a claim to lasting and grateful memory. During the half-century which has since elapsed, more than four thousand farmers or their widows have been permanently provided for, at a cost of six hundred and fifty thousand pounds, a sum which represents ninety per cent. of the whole of the society's receipts, thus proving good and economical management. At the annual election about half the applicants are usually successful in obtaining the grants, and there seems no reason why any deserving case should not be met, if the agricultural world could be brought to see how easily it might be accomplished. A dinner is to be held shortly, with the Prince of Wales in the chair, to mark the Society's Jubilee, and it is hoped that on that occasion a large addition to the subscription list may be announced.

THE DEVELOPMENT ACT AND AGRICULTURE.

If ever such a thing should happen that under an Act which is only permissive in character that there should be any money forthcoming for practical agricultural improvement, it is to be hoped that something will be done in the direction of helping the ordinary farmers to breed a higher class of livestock. We have the precedent of the Commission on Horse-breeding; but that is a small affair compared to what is done by such countries as France and Germany, who are stated to spend half a million sterling on the encouragement of horse-breeding. But why stop at horses?

Our cattle are not improving anything like so fast as they should do in view of the foreign competition they have to face. We have excellent pure breeds with the best specimens in the world, but, somehow, we cannot get the blood distributed generally at home. The "Royal" has discussed the matter and passed a resolution urging its importance, and it would be well if all our agricultural societies would follow suit. A. T. M.

LAYING COMPETITION.

Details of the Utility Poultry Club's Thirteenth Laying Competition (South Division) have been published, and the result, if not sensational, is satisfactory. It lasted from October 8th to January 27th (16 weeks) and 30 pens of four pullets competed. They produced 4,804 eggs, or an average of 160 per pen.

The best pen (Buff Orpingtons) laid 252 eggs, and the highest individual record was 98, laid by a white Wyandotte in the second prize pen. This, for the 16 worst weeks of the year from the point of view of egg production is remarkably good, but we regret that this competition, like all laying competitions, had a bad tail. The last pen laid only 36 eggs, and six laid under the 100. Considering that they were all picked birds, and breeders have been scientifically breeding from the best layers for thirteen years, the tail should not be so prominent. Still, as the average, both for the total number of pens competing and for an individual record, are higher than ever before, it marks progress.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CROAD LANGSHANS.

SIR,—I am sending you some photographs of my Croad Langshans, which I think may be of interest to your readers. I got my stock over ten years ago from the late Miss Croad and Mr. H. P. Mullens. There is only one type, and that is the pure one introduced into England in 1872 by the late Major Croad from the Langshan district of China. Mr. M. C. Gurney, M.V.O., British Consul, Marseilles, on the advice of the late Mr. Harrison Weir, one of the greatest authorities on poultry, purchased a trio from the late Miss Croad, and described them as "the most beautiful and graceful fowls he had ever set eyes on" on their arrival at Pisa. In 1894 he took them with him to Cherbourg, and now is keeping the same breed at Marseilles, so convinced is he of the economic value of the Croad Langshan as the best possible utility fowl for the cottager, the farmer and the landowner. The Croad Langshan is one of the best layers of rich brown eggs, and is a good winter layer and does well in confinement. My stock consists of about fifty pullets and fourteen hens. I got three hundred and forty-five



THE BEST OF HIS CLASS.

eggs in October, five hundred and forty in November, seven hundred and fifty in December and five hundred and forty in January. The hens make capital mothers, but are easily prevented from sitting. They are first-class table birds—flesh very juicy and perfectly white. The colour of the plumage is dense black throughout, with a brilliant beetle green gloss upon it and quite free from purple or blue tinge. Mr. H. P. Mullens, Oaken, Wolverhampton, is the hon. secretary of the Croad Langshan Club. —R. O. RIDLEY.

*A. Marshall.**THE END OF THE DAY.*

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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

OLD "MAN AN' MAN"—II.

BY
WALTER RAYMOND.



FROM the day of his conversation with Mr. John Creed in the drove, Jakey Barton resumed his ordinary course of life and was

seen openly picking weeds on the high road. If anything, the parish found him in better spirits and more communicative than he had been before his trouble arose. He gave carter Peters to understand that, taking into consideration the advantage of a house having no stairs, his landlord had consented to a continuation of the tenancy at the advanced rent of half-a-crown. He told Isaac Jeans that he should expect to have a few shillings laid out upon the place now that he was to pay more money, and Isaac Jeans agreed that was nothing but right. He touched his hat to his passing landlord with such readiness that Mr. John Creed smiled and said to himself that the raising the rent was an idea of the very best quality and had brought the old chap round.

But when Saturday came so did the half-crown.

On the Sunday after church a strange rumour of village tattle reached the ear of Mr. John Creed, accompanied by a mild remonstrance on the part of his oldest personal friend and a warning as to what people would say. It was pointed out how things would look if this matter should get into the local paper, and that in these days a man of sound views cannot be too careful.

Then Mr. John Creed became furious. He stamped his feet to think that he, John Creed, should be supposed to have reported the cottage, when it was another man's property, and afterwards, without repairs, to have put up the rent when the place was his own. It made his cheeks red even to think of it. He was a very sound Conservative. He foresaw the comments that those infernal Radicals would make. He expended on that half-witted fool of a cripple, who ought to have spent his whole life in the workhouse, some of the richest adjectives in his vocabulary. Fearing the last notice might have been vitiated by the changing of the rent to half-a-crown, he wrote another formal notice to quit, and on the next Saturday, to prevent all further misunderstanding, carried it himself to the cottage with the rent just received and the book.

Jakey Barton made no pretence on this occasion of being from home. In response to the first knock, he opened the door, and even wished his landlord "Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," replied Mr. John Creed, shortly, and stepped inside.

"I have brought back the rent, Barton," said he, placing the coin on the table, and speaking in short, decided sentences. "And your book. This is another notice. I shall take no more money from you. If you are still here after next week I shall go to the judge. Then in due time the bailiff will turn you out into the road and obtain possession. Is that clear?"

"I've lived here forty year," said old "man an' man." "I've a-paid more for the place in rent than you by purchase. I be content as 'tis."

"That's all nonsense," said Mr. John Creed, with a wave of the hand. "It has to be pulled down."

From this time the village began to take a sporting interest in the struggle between old "man an' man" and his landlord. For the most part sympathy was with the poorer man. Afflicted from birth, he had lived a consistently harmless life. But yet it was a terribly tumble-down cottage and no man can stand long against the law. "He can't bide," cried John Peters from the top of the load. "I'd lay a guinea he is out afore Michaelmas." This quite clearly was but a figure of speech. Isaac Jeans was recognised to be talking more sense when, as he pitched another sheaf, he offered to bet any man the price of a quart that Jakey Barton would be there at Christmas unless he went of his own will.

For a few brief hours it was believed that Jakey was going.

On the evening before the expiration of the notice it was observed that the lean-to shed was gone. The three posts and the two sheets of corrugated iron had disappeared and the cart was nowhere to be seen. Although it did seem strange that nobody had heard where he intended going, old "man an' man" was evidently preparing to flit. But on the Sunday a film of blue smoke was still rising from the chimney, although throughout the day the door was kept locked.

Slow to proceed to extremities, Mr. John Creed desired another interview. At different hours, whenever he happened to be passing, he went and hammered with his stick upon the door. But it was no longer possible to be certain whether Jakey was at home or abroad. That tell-tale cart was now understood to be comfortably stabled at night under the old deal table in the kitchen, and another sack had been hung inside to curtain the remaining window. Twenty times a day Mr. John Creed swore that he must go into the town and set the law in motion. He argued that a man of property who has threatened yet allows himself to be defied without taking action stultifies himself. Yet he stayed at home and looked after his harvest.

One afternoon towards the middle of September there came a sudden thunder-storm and a torrent of rain. As if to play a joke with the old cottage, the wind put its clutch upon one corner of the thatch and tore away a strip from eaves to ridge. The reed on either side stood up like the spikes of a hedgehog. The roof, like its master, had now a frightened and dishevelled look, and the rain went beating in as if it would wash the old place down. The villagers came to have a look at the damage. They shouted to old "man an' man" to come out. They were all neighbours and would do him no harm, they said; and John Peters offered him a night's shelter. No answer came. But for the wind and the rain the place was as silent as the grave. Then Isaac Jeans climbed up on to the roof to look in. He could see the cart. But there was no fire upon the hearth, and old "man an' man," so far as he could make out, was not there.

"He must ha' crawled into the oven, unless he should be gone into the town," said John Peters. Then they all laughed. "Oh well. 'Tis all up now. God A'mighty have a-send a notice to quit this time an' no mistake."

Yet by the following morning, such the ingenious perseverance of old "man an' man," one of the sheets of corrugated iron had been nicely adjusted to cover the hole, and was held in place by an old grindstone and full a dozen heavy rocks, each as large again as a man's head.

The village was delighted. Sure enough the old "man an' man" was "not beat yet," and everybody smiled behind the back of Mr. John Creed whenever he passed by. He knew it and was annoyed. It became an obvious duty to bring such a ridiculous matter to an end as speedily as possible. It would be a scandal to winter a beast in such a place as that, and the quicker Barton was turned out the better. As a matter of duty Mr. John Creed rode into the town and instructed his lawyer to set the law in motion. But before the law had time to move, Jakey Barton's tenancy came to an unexpected end.

One early morning Mr. John Creed was aroused before dawn by the clink of a small pebble against his bedroom window. He jumped out of bed, pulled aside the window-blind and peeped out, to see John Peters standing below.

"Is that you, John? Nothing the matter with the horses, I hope?" he asked, anxiously.

But John Peters spoke in a solemn voice.

"No, sir. The chimbley o' the old cottage an' the pointing-end that was a-shored up have a-falled inside. An' I do believe the man is under all."

"Send up to the doctor. Call the men together. Run as fast as you can. Quick, John."

No man ever tumbled into his clothes with greater speed, and yet before Mr. John Creed could get to the house the villagers had cleared away the corrugated iron and the stones and lifted Jakey Barton into the road.

"Dead?"

"No; not yet," replied the doctor. "He had better be taken to the workhouse as quickly as possible."

"Poor man! An' how he did hate the thought o' it," mourned the villagers. "But there! Nobody can't be blamed but his own zell. No they can't. He would stay in the trumpery old place. An' zo he would."

Jakey Barton did not die. His ribs were broken and he had suffered a cut on the head that drove his senses wandering for several days. In his delirium he was still in the cottage, and kept protesting that he had not given up the key. He cried out that no man could be turned out of house until he had given up the key, and he swore he would never give up the key. To comfort him they kept whispering in his ear, "That's all settled now; you are not required to give up the key."

With returning consciousness and the knowledge of what had befallen him, his mind appeared to run on his few poor belongings. "My property! all the things that I've a-got in the world be there."

At first they could scarcely keep him in bed. But they soothed him. "Everything is to be left just as it was. Mr. John Creed has not touched the cottage—only made it good, so that nobody can get in. He is taking care of everything, so that you may move when you are well and able to find a new house."

Old "man an' man" did not feel satisfied; but, weak and helpless, he was forced to calm himself with these assurances. In time he became convalescent, and one noonday of an Indian summer they seated him in an armchair on the garden path in front of the workhouse, where the sun fell warm and bright. A country baker, carrying two baskets of loaves, came to the door.

"Hullo, Jacob Barton! glad to see you about again. They be a-doing up your cottage, so 'tis said. By the same token, they were a-pulling off the thatch as I drove by."

"Eh? Pulling off the thatch? Let me go. Let me go, I say. They'll take all I've a-got. I be no pauper. I'll pay for my keep here. The house can't keep a man against his will, if he'll pay. Let me go." And with an effort he struggled to his feet and staggered down the garden path.

The reports that had solaced Jakey, although not in exact agreement with fact, were based on a fairly sound foundation. Mr. John Creed had blamed himself a great deal. He said the accident was all his fault. He ought to have stood firm and turned the poor man out on the very first day that it was legally possible. To be weak from kindness of heart is the worst folly in the world, and always proves the greatest unkindness in the end. Yet Mr. John Creed did make the place weather-tight in what he called "a temporary manner," and thus took the greatest care of Barton's furniture, including the little cart. To be sure, freedom is sweet, and since the wretched man could manage to pick up a living, let him do so by all means. Mr. John Creed determined that Barton should have the cottage by the wood rent free to make a shift until something more convenient could be found. Therefore a week or two elapsed before anything was done. To be sure, there could be no good in wasting a winter in the matter of throwing the hedge and planting the young apple trees. So at the end of the autumn, Mr. John Creed set all the labourers he could spare to work at getting things ready for the improvement. And all went at a fine rate. The apple trees were ordered and the old house was about to be demolished.

"La! Master, I should never pull down the old place if it did belong to me. How thick the walls be—an' so dry as hay. An' the joistes be good too. I'd sooner go to the expense of a bit o' good thatch. It 'ud make a wonderful useful lock-up place. My wig! What teddies a man could store away there! What a place for my cake!" The voice of Isaac Jeans quite quavered with emotion, as his imagination pictured a vision of unlimited potatoes and cake.

"A good idea, Isaac," cried Mr. John Creed. "Tell the mason to see me. I'll get some reed combed out for the thatcher at once."

The more closely looked at, the better the plan appeared; so, Barton's furniture having been carefully stored elsewhere, the restoration of the fallen wall was hurried on at a fine pace. The thatcher got to work in no time, and Mr. John Creed stood below explaining in detail how he would have the work done.

"There is no more nature in it than in so much paper," cried the thatcher from the roof, as he pulled off the brittle old thatch, which filled the air with a damp earthy smell.

"Massy 'pon us! What's this then?"

From behind one of the joists he had dragged a little bundle in a dirty cloth—an old handkerchief much discoloured and tied into many knots. "'Tis pretty heavy, too," cried he, holding it up. He pitched it down for Mr. John Creed to look at, and it fell

with a clinking noise upon the doorstep. Mr. John Creed turned it over with his stick and detected unmistakably within the rag the circular shapes of many coins.

"Money!" ejaculated he. Curiosity overcame his repugnance. He respectfully picked up the filthy little parcel and quickly untied the knots.

"It must belong to Barton. Here is a sovereign coined last year."

The thatcher descended his ladder. The labourers came from grubbing the hedge and crowded to stare at the secret hoard of old "man an' man." It was wonderful—and yet, to be sure, with groundsel a penny a bunch, and none but himself to keep—

Unnoticed, while they were so intent upon the money, a strange figure had come round the bend of the highway. It hurried along with a shuffling gait, and was already quite close when one shouted, "Massy 'pon us! Here is old 'man an' man'!" And they recognised Jacob Barton—but Jacob Barton transfigured—Jacob Barton scrubbed and cleaned, his hair cut and his long beard trimmed. His eyes glared upon them out of a face white and yet pink from a bed of sickness.

"'Tis my money," he shrieked, and snatched it away with his long lean fingers. "You can take the roof from my head, but you can't rob me o' that. 'Tis my own money honest-earned as between man an' man. I earned it, I tell 'ee. You that be so straight and strong—have 'ee done better yourselves? I had no use for it. Poor crooked mortal that I be! I saved it to prove to my own zell that I was zo good a man as the rest. Speak out the truth then—between man an' man—I do call upon 'ee to. Did anyone o' 'ee ever zee Jakey Barton drunk? You fools, that do turn to look how he do hobble by. You that do lay your heads together an' say that he did ought to be made to go into the house. Devils! Did 'ee ever zee 'un lie down in the heat o' the day? You that be so fine made. Was he ever behind with his rents? 'Tis you that'll go into the house, when you be old wi' nothen a-put by, and your strength do fail. An' you, John Creed—so wise, wi' your 'not put up in 'cordance the regulations.' 'Twas a serviceable house, I tell 'ee. An' I—a serviceable man—I, myself, was never built according to the —"

His heart failed. He staggered forward and fell upon the ground—raised himself on his elbow and gasped. "'Tis my own—honest-earned as between man an' —" His chin dropped upon his chest. He died, clutching the little hoard that had been of no use, except to solace his loneliness with the secret thought that he was as good as the rest.

PELLAGRA—WHAT IS ITS CAUSE?

By PROFESSOR SIMPSON.

PELLAGRA is a disease of great importance to a vast number of the poor inhabiting Southern Europe which has recently been found to be prevalent in Egypt and in certain parts of Asia, South Africa and America. Cases have been discovered in East and West India, in Australia and among the Zulus and Basutos in South Africa. Cases have also, at infrequent intervals, been noticed in the United States; but since 1905 there has apparently been a tendency to increase, and now the disease is known to have affected thirteen States. In Italy, where it was first recognised in the middle of the eighteenth century, it appears of late to have increased considerably; in some districts at least five per cent. of the inhabitants are pellagrous.

The disease is a serious one; not when it is first contracted, for then the symptoms are scarcely noticeable, but as time goes on it develops into a formidable malady. At the beginning the principal symptom is merely a slight eruption, similar to that produced by a sunburn, on those parts of the skin exposed to the sun. It appears at a certain time of the year, and then faded away, reappearing, however, every year in a more pronounced form. If untreated the disease assumes a chronic form, and gradually, by slow stages, leads to the death of the sufferer. A patient well advanced in the disease presents a pitiable sight with skin shrivelled and wrinkled, body emaciated, and countenance gloomy and stupid. The mental depression increases, food is refused and suicidal tendencies often develop. Not infrequently the latter days are passed in a lunatic asylum.

The cause of the disease has hitherto been ascribed to the use of diseased maize or Indian corn as an article of food. Some attributed the symptoms to the action of a poison contained in the affected maize, others believed it to be due to bacteria or fungi which grew on damaged and mouldy maize that had been stored in damp places. It has been generally held that pellagra was a food disease. In 1903, however, at a meeting of the British Medical Association, Dr. Sambon of the London School of Tropical Medicine, challenged this view and drew attention to the circumstance that the maize theory did not fit in with many of the facts relating to pellagra; for instance, that the disease

prevailed in places outside the area of maize cultivation, and among people who had never taken maize as an article of food, and that in Italy it was almost confined to labourers in the field. He argued that probably pellagra was not a disease caused by food, and, if so, only indirectly, but that it was more likely to be produced by a microscopic living organism, protozoal in origin, and possibly similar in its kind to those protozoal micro-organisms that have been discovered in malaria, sleeping sickness, and some other diseases. As most of these are spread by insects, Dr. Sambon suggests that pellagra may be spread among the labourers in the field by a species of sand-fly. Received with scepticism at first, this view has gradually gained ground the more the disease has

been studied, and now there are quite a number of medical men, both in Europe and America, who support Dr. Sambon in his contention. It is felt that he has made out a good case for further investigation, and it is because of this, a representative committee has been formed, having for its object the promotion of an enquiry into pellagra on the lines advocated by him. It is proposed to send Dr. Sambon to Italy with some trained assistants in order to carry out the investigation in pellagrous districts, and to compare the results obtained with similar enquiries in districts comparatively free from the disease. An investigation of this kind naturally costs money, and a fund is being raised to defray the expenses.

AN OBLIGING PAIR OF THRUSHES.

SONG-THRUSHES have for several years nested and reared young in the garden in a tall yew tree some five yards away from my bedroom window; but for fifteen years, to my knowledge, they have never occupied a similar tree growing directly opposite this window. In the spring of 1908, after a pair of thrushes had built their nest in the tree frequently occupied, I determined to try to induce them to change their quarters for one which would offer me almost unique opportunities for observing their habits by day and night, and with great photographic possibilities to



THE BROODING MOTHER.

caused it to fall on its side. The hen bird, however, continued to do her best to incubate the eggs, even though the position of the nest was most unnatural. At last the position was rendered untenable and the nest and eggs rolled over on to the ground. In the meanwhile I had placed food on the window-sill, and by piling up a quantity of dead grass on a convenient branch had provided tempting materials for building a new nest. The desertion of the old nest was thus brought

about without the least alarm to the birds. I had now to wait in hope till they should recognise the nesting facilities of their new quarters, selected to suit my purpose, a few yards away, nearer to the window. For four days the birds totally disappeared. As I lay awake in bed the fifth morning a bird's shadow passed across the window-blind.



THE BREAD-WINNER.

be secured in perfect comfort. To effect my purpose I had first to cause the birds to desert the nest already made, which contained four eggs. This was done by loosening the nest on its supporting twigs. The first wind



FEEDING THE YOUNG.



ON A HOT DAY.

Joyously I arose, peeped round the blind and saw that Mr. and Mrs. Thrush, after having inspected the site to their satisfaction, were busily engaged adding to the pile of grass so conveniently placed. For two hours I watched them at their work. On my return at five o'clock in the evening very little more work had been done. These thrushes evidently started early and finished in good time. Perhaps the situation of the nest had something to do with this, for the front door of the house was just below.

The following morning I did not require waking at 4.30 a.m., for I had scarcely slept. It was then just light enough for the birds to see what they were doing. The hen thrush was now busy shaping the nest that every child in the country knows so



IN POURING RAIN.

well. First of all the shapeless heap was trampled down, then the clever architect set to work, using her legs to make the central hollow. I noticed that only the legs and breast were employed in fashioning the cup of the nest. All this was done very rapidly, and for an example of downright enthusiastic labour it would be difficult to match the tireless industry here displayed. So hard did she work that at times she quite lost her breath, frequently paused, opening her beak and panting for about a minute, as if utterly exhausted, then with renewed energies she set to work harder than ever. The nest was left for a day and then lined with damp mud and cow-manure—chiefly the latter. The hen carried the lining materials in her beak, and by using her breast pressed them against the side of the nest, which, when completely lined, was left for four days to enable the lining to set. Within a period of five days after this four eggs were laid, and incubation began. She covered her first egg at night, but not in the daytime, and continued her nightly duties until the full clutch was laid.

After sitting proper had commenced she permitted me to look at her through the window, and even to talk to her. The next step in our intimacy was to drop the window, and this I succeeded in doing without any objection on her part. The camera now came into use. It was placed about one yard from the window, from which position a fourteen-inch lens gave a sufficiently large



A GOOD MOTHER.

image. Unfortunately, owing to overhanging branches, there was only a poor light on the bird, and time exposures were necessary. A silent shutter was used, an indispensable article for a bird photographer. To obtain the picture of her sitting in repose eleven seconds' exposure was given on a dull day. Every time I found her away from the nest in quest of food some of the small intervening branches were cut away. The slim trunk of the tree was also prevented from swaying in the wind by placing a nixed board between the house and the tree at the bottom of the window-sill and pulling the trunk to the board by a piece of rope, which went round the trunk and into the bedroom at each of the lower corners of the window.

During the fortnight that elapsed while the eggs were hatching I received two frights. The first occurred one night about twelve o'clock, when retiring to bed. As usual, I looked through the window and saw the hen bird on the nest, but to all appearances dead. Her back was covering the eggs, and with feet in the air and head hanging on one side she seemed to be entirely lifeless. It was a sad picture. But a tap on the window brought forth a wonderful change in her. Awaking with a start, she quickly resumed her normal position on the eggs. Possibly the explanation of her strange attitude may be traced to the fatigue caused by the position usual to a sitting bird and a desire to ease her cramped limbs. After this she was rarely to be found sitting at night in the accustomed way, but either on

her back or on her right or left side. The other incident, which nearly ended disastrously, arose after a very windy day before the tree was prevented from swaying in the manner described. So much did the tree bend at the top, that it all but threw the nest from its position. In fact, on my arrival home at night, very little more swaying would have caused it to fall to the ground. Here, as in the previous case, the hen was bravely doing her best to cover the eggs. Immediate action on my part was necessary; the bird was driven off, and, by means of wire passed through the side of the nest and round a branch, it was made quite secure, and she soon returned and resumed sitting.

From the time when the grass was ready for the construction of the nest, the cock bird never, to my knowledge, visited his mate. Consequently his arrival at the nest one morning clearly conveyed that some important family event had happened. To all appearances he had hitherto treated his mate very shabbily, and it seemed very hard that the female should have had to build the nest, incubate the eggs and also provide her own meals. In reality this was a wise provision of Nature, and guarded the nest very much against various enemies. His continual arrival with food would have given away the presence of the nest and betrayed his unprotected mate. Although he had certainly enjoyed a very easy time up to now, with the hatching of the eggs commenced a period of great activity, and he was forced to work his hardest to provide food, in the shape of worms, for his family. Too much food was brought when the young were small, and he lavished the surplus on his mate. To feed the young, both parents stood side by side on the nest. The photograph taken of them in this position clearly shows the difference in the size of the two. The hen is on the left and the cock on the right. Besides being smaller the cock is much darker in plumage than the hen. When the young ones were fed, he flew off, leaving his mate gazing for a moment at her chicks with evident feelings of maternal pride, before she spread her beautiful brooding feathers and cautiously reclined upon the nest. The male did not always depart immediately after the meal. On several occasions he remained, and when she had regained her position on the nest made love to her.

Sunshine is responsible for much of the pictorial effect to be found in many of the undoubtedly artistic photographic productions of the present day, and the morning or evening sun, as it shone through intervening branches upon the breast of this thrush, who always liked facing its genial rays, made many a pretty picture. During rain, her method of protecting the chicks underneath, if not artistic, was at least remarkably effective. When the rain fell, she spread out her wings over the nest like an umbrella. In this position the water which fell upon them ran down the quills and trickled from the ends of the wing and tail feathers. On a warm day the young ones evidently found the atmosphere too oppressive, and from underneath her breast and wings four beaks could be seen which occasionally gaped for more air.

Although the young ones were now strong enough to do without the continual warmth from her body, the hen thrush as yet had made no appreciable effort to assist her mate in procuring food. The main reason for this lay in the fact that the weather was wet and worms could be found in plenty by the male bird alone. The climatic conditions at this stage, as also the family history, underwent a complete change; the rain ceased and it became warm and sunny, which made the ground hard and

worms much more difficult to capture. Visits to the nest by the cock became in consequence less frequent, despite the keener appetites of the growing family. Whenever his absence was at all prolonged, the hen was visibly anxious, then developed the habit of flying off to meet him, taking the worms he had collected and returning with them to the nest. Eventually, as the young ones were getting well fledged, their mother brooded them only at night and devoted her whole time during the day to procuring worms and relieving her mate. Worms constituted the staple diet of the family, and never to my knowledge was anything else brought. After every meal one of the parents remained at the nestside to remove excreta. Thus during the whole period the nest was kept scrupulously clean.

By this time the happy family were getting too big for the nest to hold them comfortably. The first member to leave made its venture into the world by accident. Wishing to try the experiment of flapping its wings, it stood upon the back of one of its brothers or sisters, but its efforts were not very prolonged.



A PROUD FATHER.

Perhaps the one underneath moved; at any rate, in the experiment it lost its balance and went overboard. A thick branch of the yew tree prevented disaster, and the young one, soon composed, chirped to the parents for food. For two days it remained in that position, the three others staying in the nest.

Marauding cats caused me many a scare about this time, for unless the young ones could fly they would have little chance of getting out of the garden, bounded as it was on one side by the main road, and on the other by a high wall. I therefore decided to remove this youngster into a fence in a neighbouring field. The parents immediately detected the departure and great was the commotion. The presence of the other young ones in the nest seemed a mere nothing compared with the lost one. Each parent bird with its beak full of worms vainly chirped over every bush in the garden, but no response could they hear. In the meanwhile the subject of the elaborate search was chirping away in the fence, and the slightest noise caused it to close its eyes and open wide its beak.

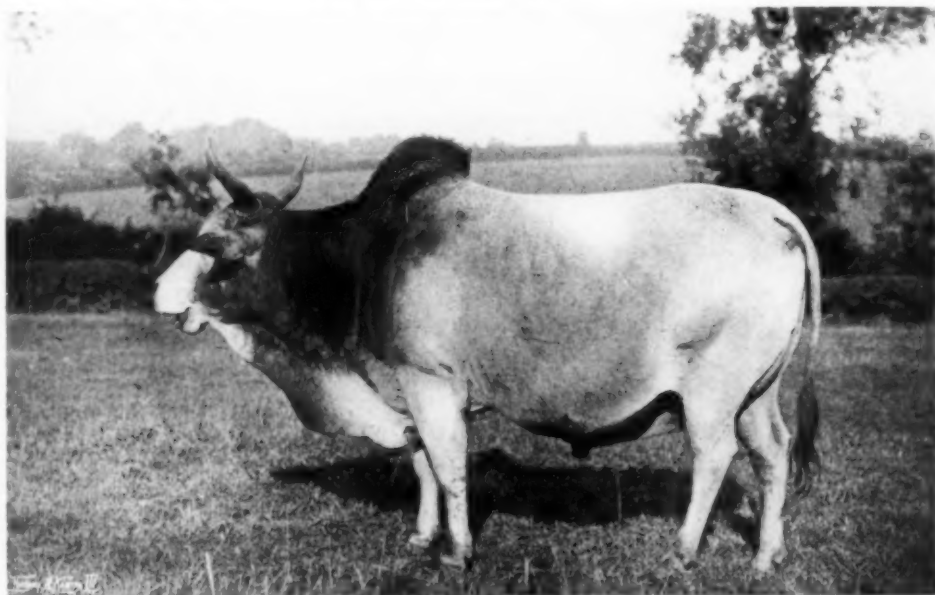
Two others soon flopped out of the nest and were removed into the field. One yet remained and seemed to fully appreciate the roomy quarters. For two days it stayed in the nest after the

others had departed. At last, gaining confidence, it left the nest and flew to a place of safety in a lilac tree, and with its flight closes the history of this charming family. ALFRED TAYLOR.

HUMPED CATTLE.

CERTAIN popular names quite unknown to the natives of the countries whence these species come are commonly applied in Europe to various kinds of animals. A striking instance of this is afforded by the name "zebu," which is in almost universal use all over Europe as the designation of the Indian humped cattle, but is not a part of any of the numerous languages of India. Neither does it appear to be of African origin, although humped cattle are found over the greater part of Africa, as well as in Madagascar. How it had originated, and by whom it was first employed in literature, would be very difficult to ascertain; but there seems considerable probability that it was introduced into natural history literature by French zoologists, as it is employed by Buffon in the first portion of his "Histoire Naturelle," published from 1749-67. It is likewise used in the abbreviated English edition of that work, published in 1821, where zebu, or hunched oxen, are erroneously stated to be near relatives of bison. "In the whole continent of India," it is there written, "the Islands of the South Seas; in all Africa, from Mount Atlas to the Cape of Good Hope, we find nothing but hunched oxen; and it even appears that this breed, which has prevailed in all the hot countries, has many advantages over the others. These hunched oxen, like the bison, of which they are the issue, have the hair much softer and more glossy than our oxen, who, like the aurochs, are furnished but with little hair, which is of a harsh nature. These hunched oxen are also swifter, and more proper to supply the place of a horse; at the same time, they have a less brutal nature, and are not so clumsy and stupid as our oxen; they are more tractable and sensible as to which way you would lead them." Later on, in reference to the hump, it is stated that "This hunch does not depend on the conformation of the spine, nor on the bones of the shoulder; it is nothing but an excrescence, a kind of wen, a piece of tender flesh, as good to eat as the tongue of an ox. The wens of some oxen weigh about forty or fifty pounds; others have them much smaller; some of these oxen have also prodigious horns for their size."

With the exception of their presumed relationship to bison, and some details in regard to distribution, this account of humped oxen might almost have been written by a modern naturalist. The hump is still a favourite dish, either hot or cold, in India; and throughout the whole of the peninsular portion of that country these cattle are still the most common beasts of draught for both fast and slow traffic. So far as can be determined, the hump,

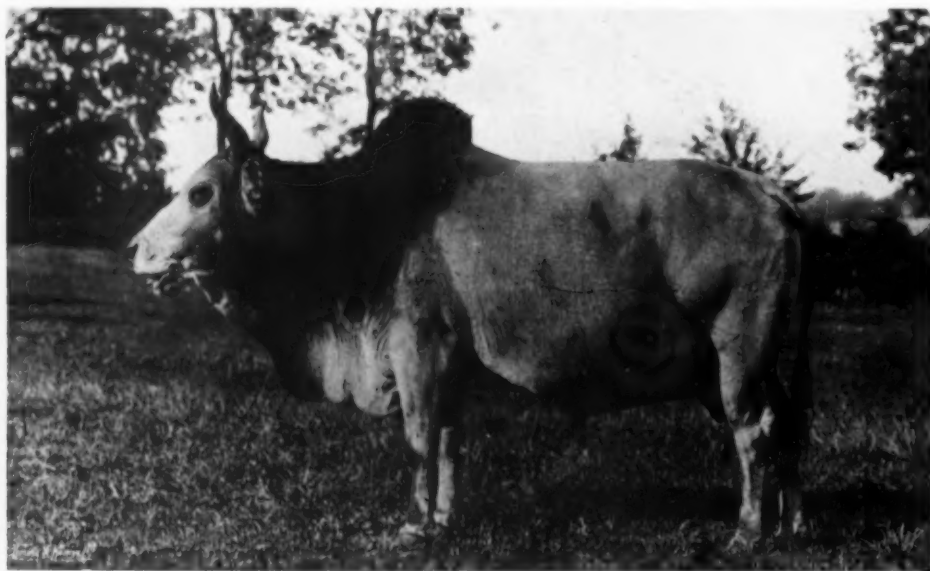


AN INDIAN HUMPED BULL.

although highly convenient for keeping the yoke in position, is quite useless to the animal; and it may be suggested that it is a feature produced by domestication, just as are the masses of tissue at the root of the tail in fat-rumped sheep, which are likewise common to Asia and Africa. The excessive development of the dewlap in the Indian breeds is probably also the result of domestication, since the great size of this appendage, as well as the presence of the hump, would probably be exceedingly inconvenient to a wild animal. In this connection it may be noted that the presence of a big dewlap in the Indo-Burmese cattle known as gayal, and its absence in their wild relative the gaur, probably affords another argument in favour of the view that the former is nothing more than a domesticated breed of the latter. The convexity of the forehead in Indian humped cattle may likewise be attributed to domestication, as it is absent in some of the Galla humped cattle of Africa. Even if the hump and the enormous development of the dewlap be eliminated, as adventitious features, there can, however, be no doubt that humped cattle are specifically distinct from their European relatives, which are, for the most part, the descendants of the ancient wild ox, or aurochs (*Bos taurus*). From that species humped cattle (*Bos indicus*) differ—apart from the hump, dewlap and convex forehead—by the finer nature of their coat, by the general type of colour, by the form of the horns and skull, and the large and frequently drooping ears, as well as by their voice and habits. To describe

the structural differences would be out of place on this occasion; but anyone who takes the trouble to pay a visit to the Natural History Museum may see for himself how unlike are the horns, both in form and colour, to those of European cattle. As regards the colour of the coat, the Indian breeds are very generally either iron grey or some shade of pale fawn, becoming darker on the hump, shoulders and neck; but others are nearly white, while some bulls are bay, or even black. In all but the white breeds, light rings above the fetlocks and light circles round the eyes are very generally noticeable. Humped cattle utter a cry which is more of a grunt than a low; and they differ markedly from European cattle in that they seldom seek the protection of shade, and never stand stationary for hours at a time knee-deep in water.

Although humped cattle have run wild in some parts of India, where they were at one time stated to be so wary that stalking them was a difficult matter, they are nowhere found in a truly wild condition; and in all works on natural history in which



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME BULL.

they are referred to it is stated that their origin is quite unknown, although it has been pointed out that their original home was doubtless in some portion of the tropical or sub-tropical regions of the Old World. By a well-known Indian naturalist, the late Mr. Edward Blyth, it was suggested, many years ago, that humped cattle originated in Africa; but since the only wild cattle of that continent are buffaloes, this idea is highly improbable. On the other hand, the late Professor L. Rütimeyer of Basle, who devoted many years to the study of ruminants, pointed out certain features in which the horns and skulls of humped cattle approximate to those of the bantian, or wild ox, of the Malay countries and Burma (*Bos sondaicus*), which is a near relative of the Indian gaur. In this I think he was on the right track, for, in the first place, the bantian is characterised by the presence of a distinct ridge on the withers, ending somewhat abruptly about the middle of the back, this ridge being formed by the tall spines of the vertebrae of the withers. Such a ridge might, it seems to me, be easily converted into the hump of the zebu as the result of domestication, especially if the spines of the vertebrae in the region of the withers were shortened. Unfortunately, skeletons of a zebu and a bantian are not available for comparison.

Another point is that the tsaine, or Burmese representative of the bantian, is a tawny-coloured animal, approximating in this respect to many of the Indian breeds of humped cattle. It is true that in both tsaine and typical bantian the legs are wholly white from the knees and hocks downwards, while there is a large white rump patch. This rump patch disappears, however, in the domesticated bantian of the Island of Bali; and it therefore seems quite probable that the light fetlock ring of humped cattle may represent the white stockings of the tsaine and the bantian.

As already mentioned, many humped bulls in Upper India, especially the so-called Bramini bulls, are black, while the cows are generally, if not invariably, lighter coloured. This appears to be an indication of affinity with the typical Javan bantian, in which the old bulls are black, while the cows and calves are bay. Without going so far as to say that humped cattle are descended from the bantian, it appears to me most probable that they are at any rate derived from an animal closely related to that species.

There are numerous breeds and sub-breeds of Indian humped cattle, in all of which the horns are comparatively slender, although they may be of considerable length. In the North-West Provinces of India the most common representative of the species is the Hissar breed, which is of very large size, with big



Captain S. S. Flower.

HUMPED COW FROM THE BLUE NILE.

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indeed, than in the Hissar breed, in which it is also well developed. In the handsome Mysore cattle, of which there are numerous breeds and sub-breeds, the horns have also an upright direction, and in old bulls often show a double twist, being directed at first outwards, then forwards and, finally, outwards or backwards, although in other cases they may curve forwards. In all cases the hump is of moderate size and non-pendulous. In Mysore humped cattle are divided into two types, namely, the inferior Nadudana, or village cattle, and the Doddadana, or high-class cattle. The latter include the Amrat Mahal, Hallikar, Chitral-drag, Alumbadi and other well-known breeds, all of which are specially adapted for fast roadwork, as they are quick, very high-spirited and have extremely hard feet. Another distinct type is formed by the Ongole, or Nellore, cattle, of the East Coast of Madras, to the west of Masulipatam. These are very large and handsome cattle, extremely docile and suitable for heavy, steady draft. In colour they are black and white and pure white, the latter hue being now most esteemed, although formerly black and white was preferred, except in the bullocks; the horns are small. Lastly, we have the Gaini, or dwarf, cattle, sufficiently characterised by their diminutive size, the adult bulls often standing not more than three feet at the shoulder.

African humped cattle are much more varied in colour than most of the Indian breeds, members of the same herd, as shown

in Fig. III., ranging from white or whitish to a wholly dark tint, while piebalds, especially in some parts of the continent, are far from uncommon. The hump never appears to attain the excessive development characteristic of the Indian Hissar breed. The horns, when of moderate size, as in Figs. III. and IV., approximate to those of the Mysore Indian breed. In the Galla cattle, however, as well as, I believe, in some of those from the Western Sudan, these appendages attain enormous dimensions, one of the horns of a pair presented many years ago to the British Museum by the explorers Denham and Clapperton measuring forty-two and one-eighth inches and the basal girth being twenty-three and five-eighths inches. These dimensions, so far as bulk is concerned, are, however, greatly exceeded by casts of two single horns in the British Museum, the originals of which probably came from the Spanish possessions in North Africa. Of the larger specimen the length is forty-seven and a-half inches along the curve, and the basal girth no less than thirty-three and a-quarter inches, while the corresponding dimensions of the smaller one are respectively twenty-eight and



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HUMPED CATTLE FROM THE BLUE NILE.

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drooping ears, and the horns black and curving outwards, backwards and downwards, the bulls being very generally of a pale iron grey, like many of the cows. In most of the other breeds the ears do not droop, and the bulls, at any rate, may be black. Among these the Gujrat cattle, of Western India, are smaller than the Hissar breed, and have the horns, which are thick at the base, directed upwards, outwards and forwards. In old bulls the hump is very large, bigger,

a-quarter inches and twenty-seven and a-half inches. Near akin to the Galla breed are the great humped cattle of the Nuer district of the Eastern Sudan. The bulls, in which the hump is comparatively small, attain a very large stature, and have massive lyrate and incurving horns, with the tips approximated. These cattle may be either self-coloured or parti-coloured; but the Hausa and Moshi humped cattle of West Africa appear to be nearly always parti-coloured—sometimes distinctly so. R. LYDEKKER.



BOTH positively and metaphorically Emral Hall is a brand saved from the burning—metaphorically, because, deserted by its owners, it was for long derelict, and was almost a ruin when Lady Puleston repaired it; and positively, because she had barely completed her task when, in 1904, a disastrous fire gutted much of the house, and was just laying hold of the fine rooms which are illustrated when the flames were luckily subdued. The work of reparation was begun anew, and, though a few old features were lost, Emral still ranks as one of our interesting Jacobean survivals with Palladian additions. Ever since the time of Edward I. it has been connected with the name of Puleston, and has continued in that blood, although, since 1775, the name has been preserved by adoption and not by inheritance. The Pulestons appear in local documents early in Plantagenet times, for Eudo de Pillesdon was living in the fifteenth year of Henry II.'s reign. They held lands in both Shropshire and Staffordshire, and took their surname from their manor of Pillesdon. They took part in the crusading and general warfare of their time, and were connected with the great local house of de Audithley or Audley. This may account for the fact that whereas Emral was in 1277 the dower house of Emma, daughter of Henry de Audley and widow of the lord of Dinas Bran, it was the property of Sir Roger de

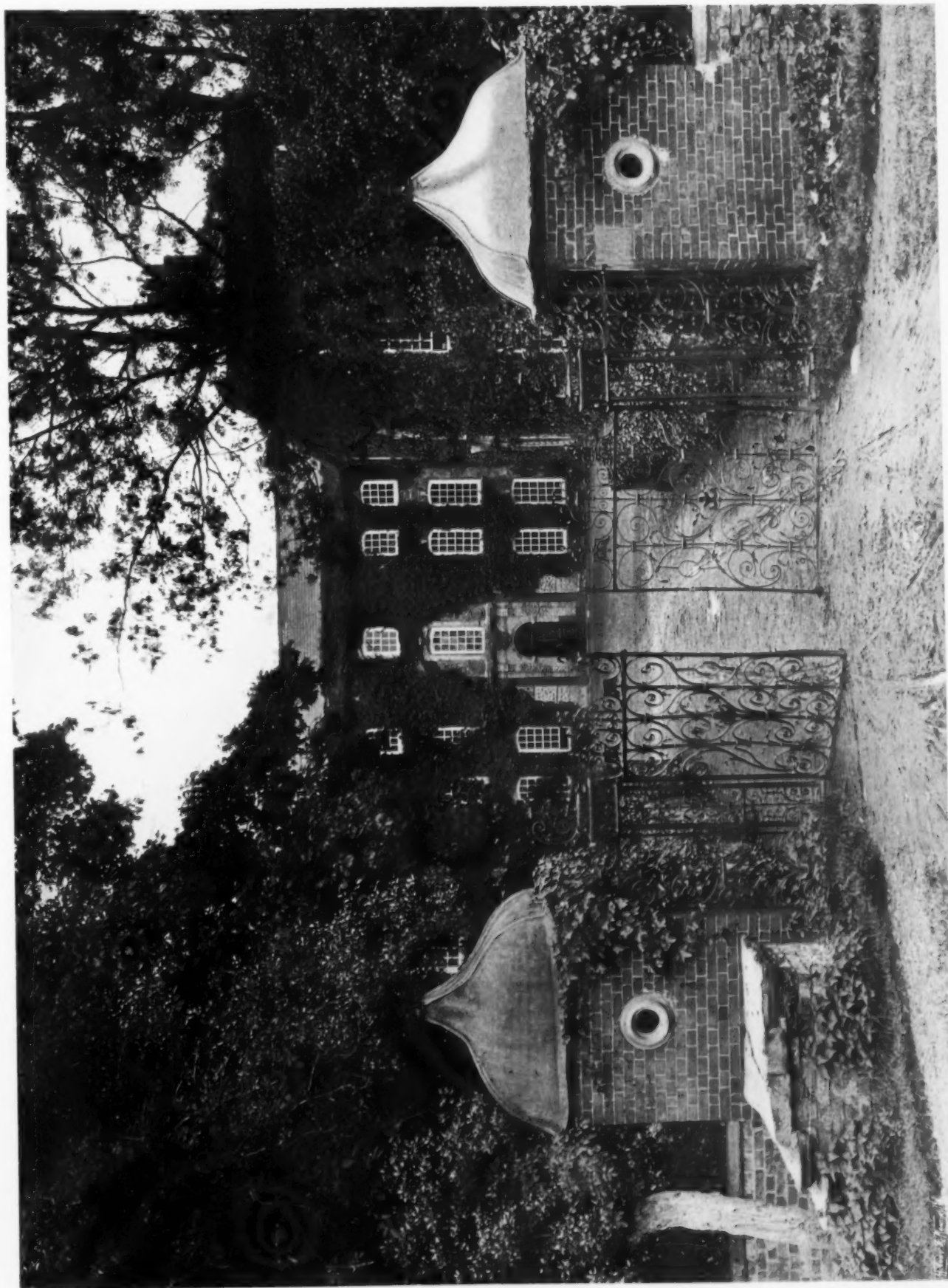
Puleston for a dozen years before he was murdered by the Welsh in 1294. Emral lies in Worthenbury parish, and Worthenbury is part of that detached section of the Welsh county of Flint which lies east of the river Dee, wedged in between the English counties of Salop and Cheshire. It was probably as being the nearest of his possessions to England that the lord of Dinas Bran gave it in dower to his English wife, and that when she was dispossessed Edward I. bestowed it upon her connections, the Pulestons, who were among his favourite agents in the subjugation of Wales. After the capture and death of Llewelyn and his brother David in the closing days of 1273, the Statute of Wales was passed which "transferred wholly and entirely to the King's dominion the land of Wales and its inhabitants." English county government was introduced, and among the new Sheriffs Richard Puleston had Carnarvon and Roger had Anglesey. The latter, however, received the office of Constable of Carnarvon, where Edward's son, the first English Prince of Wales, was born in April, 1284. His office, no doubt, kept Sir Roger away from Emral, and he made his chief home at "a very antient house called Plâs Pulesdon" at Carnarvon, which Pennant still found standing when he made his tours in Wales. Ten years later Edward, needing money for his war with France, laid heavy taxes on Wales, and the Welsh, "never being acquainted with



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EAST ENTRANCES

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE SENTRY-BOX GATE OVER THE MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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such large contributions before, violently stormed and exclaimed against it; but not satisfied with storming and vilifying they took their own captain, Roger de Puleston, who was appointed collector of the said subsidy, and hanged him together with divers others who abetted the collecting of the tax." This must have been not long after he, being at Emral, there witnessed a deed on January 18th, 1294. Among the Puleston muniments there still exist documents and seals dating from the time of Edward I., and there, too, may be seen an interesting collection of contemporary copies of letters and proclamations of Queen Margaret, the wife of Henry VI. These valuable documents were found in 1861 among a mass of papers, dating from the thirteenth to the nineteenth century, which lay in a heap under the finely-timbered roof of Emral Hall, and which, being then removed, escaped pillage while the house was derelict, and destruction when it was ablaze in 1904. As no letter, or even copy of a letter, of Queen Margaret was known to exist, the Emral collection was published by the Camden Society. The Lancastrian era, with its frequent civil wars, was a time of trouble to the Emral family. Robert Puleston was a brother-in-law



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FROM THE FORECOURT LOOKING EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of Owen Glendower and sided with him. It would seem that he was slain in fight, and that Emral was forfeited for a time, but afterwards restored to his descendants, who appear during the Roses' War as strong Lancastrians, and are addressed by Jasper Tudor as his "well beloved cousins and friends." They, however, seem by some happy chance to have retained both their heads and their estate during the Yorkist ascendancy and so lived to enjoy household offices when the Tudors came to rule. The heads of

the family were essentially country gentlemen, interested in local affairs, for Judge Puleston of Commonwealth times began as a cadet and only inherited Emral on the death of a cousin. Was that cousin or the judge himself the builder of the older parts of Emral that now remain? Unfortunately the "mass of papers" throws no light on this subject, no reference to building operations of a date earlier than the eighteenth century having been found. We have nothing, therefore, to guide us but architectural style and family circumstance. There is nothing very illuminating in the latter, and as to the former, we must be very circumspect in assigning dates, for the work was evidently all locally done, and such work was very conservative in its tendency, the son



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IN THE FORECOURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

following in his father's footsteps for long after new influences had made themselves felt in London.

The little river Colbrook runs through the Emral lands, now past leafy glens and now along flat, open meadows. At the point of junction of two such formations a square plot was

filled in, and above the water-level, now represented by ferns growing out of the grass, may be seen one or two basement windows with plain chamfered mullions. This section was used before the end of Henry VIII's reign and was frequent under Elizabeth. Before the end of her reign the ovolo moulding,



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THE ENTRANCE GATE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

surrounded by a moat that used the stream as one of its sides, and within it rose the mediæval home of the Pulestons. Of this nothing remains, although its foundations and parts of its walling may have been used by after builders. The oldest features which now appear lie on the west side. This side dipped straight down into the moat, which in recent times has been

so characteristic of Jacobean work, came into fashion, and that we find at Emral in the mullioning of the windows of the great drawing-room on the upper floor facing both west and north. Below these, however, we come across a more unusual section, that is, a plain roll or semi-circle, of which another example is to be found at Sydenham in Devonshire. As the plain chamfer was

the easiest to produce and long survived for unimportant purposes, such as basement windows, the whole of the old mullioned fenestration of Emral, though of three distinct sections, may be synchronous, and may date from the beginning of the seventeenth century. We know nothing of the Richard Puleston or of his son, Sir Roger, who ruled at Emral during this period, and it is impossible to say which of the two re-edified in Jacobean style. Indeed, as already hinted, it is quite possible that neither of them did, and that Judge Puleston was the author of this work, using local men who were a generation behind their times. John Puleston, as a cadet, went in for the law, and even after he had succeeded his cousin, Sir Roger, at Emral, describes himself as "of the Middle Temple, Esquire." This was in 1642, when he petitions

making money, and so were among the few who at that time spent money on their houses. St. John erected a new house at Thorpe, and Prideaux made vast alterations at Forde. It would, therefore, be perfectly natural for John Puleston to be doing the same at Emral. The Commons recommended him as a Baron of the Exchequer in 1643, but the King did not then appoint him. But when Parliament undertook executive as well as legislative functions he became a Judge of the Common Pleas, and was a member of the High Court in 1650. He was, therefore, certainly in a pecuniary position to improve his inheritance, to which he soon after retired; and if the older surviving portion of Emral showed the same architectural characteristics that we find at Forde and at Thorpe,

there could be no hesitation in attributing it to the judge. As it is, we must, in order to give him credit for this work, suppose that the craftsmen on the Welsh border in 1650 still used the forms usual in 1610. As to this, we must remember that a date in one of the gables at Rushton shows that such work was continued there down to 1635. Undoubtedly, in Judge Puleston's time the classic aperture surrounded by architrave mouldings, rather than the great void in the wall fretted with supporting mullions and transoms, was the fashionable window. But the latter cannot easily have been displaced from provincial usage. In the same manner the advanced plasterer made great beam-like ribs and scrolls of fruit and flower the leading features of his enriched ceilings. But just as the plasterer at Emral had none of the dexterous technique which his London brethren had acquired even when Charles was King, so may he have kept to ancient patterns. The barrel ceiling in the upstairs drawing-room at Emral is panelled out in complex manner with flat-studded ribbing of the kind that we find in many Jacobean houses, such as Chasleton, Charlton and Audley End. The Signs of the Zodiac which fill the smaller panels were also a very favourite motif at that time. But the large size and pictorial treatment of the Labours of Hercules, which occupy the twelve principal panels, have scarcely any fellows. Nothing quite similar appears in Mr. Bankart's "Art of the Plasterer," or in any of the numerous seventeenth century houses that have been so fully illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE. Such treatment was not uncommon as the main decoration—whether in wood, stone, or plaster—of the upper part of the mantelpieces of the Early Renaissance period, as at Lyme, Langley, Apethorpe and the plaster example at Barnstaple, but not on the corresponding ceilings. Groups of figures,

pictorially treated, do, however, appear in exterior plaster-work, as on Sparrow's House in Ipswich. With the technique of the last-mentioned example, the Emral Labours of Hercules have much similarity. Now the form of the windows and the character of the swags and garlands on the upper, or plastered, part of Sparrow's House are quite post-Jacobean; so that this evidence, so far as it is worth anything, rather tends to support the theory that the Emral ceiling is as late as the ownership of Judge Puleston. It would be an interesting matter to clear up, and it is regrettable that no record survives. The woodwork in this and in the room below is certainly of later date, and was probably put in by the judge's great-grandson. Wishing for a tutor for his sons and a preacher for Worthenbury



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THE WEST SIDE SHOWING THE FILLED-IN MOAT.

"C.L."

Parliament to make good the losses he had suffered from the Flintshire Royalists. Puleston was on the side of the Commons, and so his Cavalier neighbour, Sir Thomas Hanmer, occupied Emral, drove out the petitioner's infant children "suckling their nurse's breast," and gathered his rents from his tenants to the value of six thousand pounds. The tide soon turned, and the Cromwellians took both Hanmer House and Emral, garrisoning the latter place with "forty horse and forty musketeers." We may imagine that damage was done by the soldiery on either side; but as in both cases the place was surrendered without defence and attack, the structure will not have suffered, and there can have been no positive reason for re-building when matters quieted down. At the same time, the Parliamentary lawyers were



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PART OF NORTH SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

—then not a separate parish but a chapelry—Judge Puleston brought Philip Henry from Oxford in 1653. Son of a page of the Back-stairs, he had played with the Royal children and been noticed by Laud. He had been Busby's favourite pupil, and may be seen at his side in the portrait of that famous pedagogue which hangs in the hall of Christ Church, Oxford. But he was a Puritan at heart, and therefore in full sympathy with his new patron's political and religious views. The judge's sons, however, did not see eye to eye with their father. They shared the opinions of their mother's family, the Wolryches of Dudmaston, of whom Sir Thomas had gallantly held Bridgnorth for the King. And so after the judge's death in 1659, Philip Henry's position became untenable. As to the heir, he records that: "Roger Puleston assaulted mee in wrath, whereby my unruly passions being stirred, I strook again and hurt his face." As he had only been ordained in Commonwealth fashion and refused episcopal ordination at the Restoration, he was deprived of his cure and became a Non-conformist preacher of reputation. Yet twenty-three years later, long after the young man

he had hurt in the face had passed away at the age of thirty, we find him again at Emral. Roger's young widow had become the wife of John Trevor, famous as a Tory lawyer and kinsman of Judge Jeffreys. He had been Speaker in James II.'s reign and yet had easily weathered the revolution of 1688 and become Master of the Rolls. He was a most eminent equity lawyer, but love of money and of the bottle were his marked characteristics. He was a cadet of a leading family in the Emral neighbourhood and eager to improve his local position. Thus, he held the mortgage of Erddig and, as we have lately seen, was expected to have foreclosed and to have prevented the

purchase of that estate by Mr. Mellor. Marrying the widow of the youthful owner of Emral, he established himself there as guardian to her child, and Philip Henry found him there and dined with him in 1683, although Sir Roger Puleston was then a child no longer, but was of age and had been knighted. The architectural character of the Palladian work at Emral—the two wings, the ironwork of the gates, the woodwork of the drawing and dining rooms—would



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DOG-GATES ON STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

lead us to suppose that it might belong to the period of this Sir Roger who died in 1697. But here we have positive evidence of local conservatism in architecture, for the bills for the building of the wings are all extant and are dated from 1724 to 1727. They were erected in place of old ones by

great gates, with their stately rusticated, urn-topped posts, are among the good examples of the elaborate smith's work which prevailed in this district at the time, and of which Chirk and Leeswood offer us the most splendid specimens. The gates open from the park into an outer court flanked by stable buildings



Copyright.

THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Sir Roger's son, Thomas, who did not come of age until 1716. As the details of the elevation of the wings belong to precisely the same school as the ironwork and the woodwork, we may suppose that he did the whole of the alterations, despite their savouring strongly of the days of William III. The

ten years later in date than the wings. The roadway descends rapidly to a bridge that spans the brook which formed the east side of the moat. No doubt in old time a drawbridge stood here. Now the only defences are another pair of wrought-iron gates and two diminutive lodges the size of sentinels' boxes, and with



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Copyright.

little bullseye openings on the outward side through which we may imagine a musket-barrel to be protruding. This military character and the cupola shape of the roofs at first make us attribute these delightful little buildings to the disturbed time when Royalist and Cromwellian in turn threatened the house; but if we examine the size, quality and laying of the bricks, we must conclude that they belong, like the wings of the house, to the peaceful days of the first George, and were placed there for purely aesthetic reasons. Crossing the bridge, we are in the fore-court formed by the three-sided building, of which the central block was re-faced and the wings were re-edified by Thomas Puleston. Each of these sides has, in its centre, an elaborate stone door-case, the design of which rises up to and enfolds the window above the door. That which faces us has a pair of rusticated pilasters carrying an entablature and the massive scrolls or inverted consoles that flank the window architrave. The work is very bold and very coarse, but the idea is exactly that which was usual for the centre of the elevations of moderate-sized houses dating from the years that preceded and followed 1700. Quite similar forms and motifs, but totally different in the

ancient owners. It reflects their ways and habits of life and thought. It makes us at one glance intimate with the ethics and æsthetics of its self-sufficient and self-supporting district, whose denizens, had they been asked to define the word "cosmopolitan," would have declared they had never heard of it. It is fortunate, indeed, that so much of seventeenth and eighteenth century Emral has survived.

The male line of the Pulestons ended in 1775, and Emral went to a sister's son, Richard Price, who assumed the name and arms of Puleston. A personal friend of the Prince Regent, he received him at Emral and introduced him to the Principality. In 1813 he was made a baronet, and was succeeded in title and estate by his son in 1840. That son was the last of the race to live at Emral. At his death in 1860 it was found that the estate was so crippled and charged, that Sir Richard Puleston, third baronet, preferred living in London, where he was a well-known figure in society until his death in 1893. Meanwhile Emral lay derelict. Any stray tripper could enjoy the much-valued privilege of breaking a pane of glass, removing a bit of woodwork and scribbling his name on the walls. Photographs



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CEILING OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

delicacy of design and treatment, will be found, for instance, at the house in Salisbury Close known as the Judge's House, and which was built in 1701. The type was frequent in that district, and a good example a few miles to the south—The Moot at Downton—appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* early last year. The wing portals differ from that in the central block. They show even greater unlearnedness of design. They have pediments gone crazy, the two halves not facing each other, but set back to back. They remind us of the example at Chicheley in Buckinghamshire, only there the displaced halves have a normal curved pediment placed upon them. Chicheley Hall was built in 1700-4; but when we reflect that Thomas Puleston's stonemason wrought his very picturesque but very clumsy doorways at the time when Lord Burlington and the *virtuosi* were imposing the utmost classic exactness on English architecture, we realise how strong local ways and local life were in days when not merely railways were wanting, but roads were often impassable morasses. It is this which gives to Emral so individual a character, so entertaining a savour. It belongs to itself and to its

show the house in a condition that seems almost beyond repair. In the drawing-room the pre-Restoration ceiling gapes with a great hole in its plaster, and the post-Restoration woodwork lies about in fragments or has its noble panels defaced by ribald scribbings. The staircase has lost the majority of its twisted wood balusters, but luckily retains its interesting and unusual dog-gate.

Into this chaos a brave lady brought order. Some time after Sir Richard Puleston's death his widow, who, by her marriage settlements, held the Hall for her life, found herself in a position to arrest the work of ruin and initiate the work of reparation as a memorial to her husband. Lady Puleston had travelled far on this meritorious road when the terrible disaster of the fire of 1904 seemed once more to decree the downfall of this house of ancient inhabitance. But Lady Puleston rose to the occasion, and once more set the builders in motion, with the excellent result which the illustrations so clearly show. The house of so many traditions and of so much architectural value is saved. The hearty thanks

of every lover of our old and historic buildings are due to Lady Puleston for her taste and energy, and they may rest assured that her work will be appreciated and carried on by Mr.

Crawshaw Puleston, to whom has fallen the heirship of the estate acquired six hundred and thirty years ago by Edward I.'s gallant soldier and unlucky administrator. T.

FURNITURE AT CAMBRIDGE HOUSE.

CAMBRIDGE HOUSE is one of those detached residences on the edge of Regent's Park that derive a suggestion of ruralism from their own gardens and the wide, uninterrupted outlook into the park. Here Sir Walter Gilbey has gathered together much good eighteenth century furniture, in character with the style and general decoration of the house. A few of the pieces are French, but the great majority are English, and the illustrations represent a selection from these. There are many typical examples of the style that prevailed soon after mahogany became the prevalent material, and was used massively though often with much finely sculptured ornament. Two commodes or chests raised on cabriole legs show the difference between the simple and the decorated treatment of the wood. In the first example the effect depends upon the dignity of form, the excellence of material and workmanship, and the relief of the brass mounts. The upper part of the front falls, and below that are three drawers. The arrangement is somewhat archaic for the mahogany period, which cannot be said to have established itself until after the beginning of the Hanoverian régime; for under Queen Anne mahogany was a rare wood, only replacing walnut for choice pieces. The commode in question shows a near descent from the coffer which often in the seventeenth century got itself raised upon a stand and was given drawers beneath the coffer space. The other commode is of much the same size and general shape, but it opens as a cupboard with a pair of doors. The ornament is of low relief, but from the crispness and precision of the carving it stands out distinctly. The central motif of each door is one of those groups or trophies of arms and other instruments which prevailed so largely especially



CANDLE AND KETTLE STANDS.

in the decorative plaster-work of walls and ceilings, during George II.'s reign. Here the objects are taken from the military domain. There are swords and flags, a pike, a drum and a cornet. There is close resemblance between the decoration of this piece and of the fine pair of pedestals and urns. They are of the kind which was introduced about 1750 to flank the sideboard tables then usual in dining-rooms. The pair here illustrated will not be much later than that date, for they incline to the decorative manner of Robert Adam in his earlier days, and may be compared with a magnificent pair at Burghley. Those belonging to Sir Walter Gilbey have just the same form; and, if they have not quite the same exquisiteness of design, are of beautiful proportions and finished technique. They are also in excellent condition, not thickly coated with a glassy polish, but showing the colour and grain of the wood to the greatest advantage beneath the mellow glow of a continuous period of good house-maiding.

The lighter touch and more fragile treatment of mahogany which developed after the accession of George III. is seen in much of the furniture at Cambridge House, as, for instance, in the large number of light tables with cluster legs and Chinese fret galleries or rails. A very elegant specimen of the small kind often known as kettle tables is illustrated, together with a pair of the tall stands that were much used to give high light to rooms from silver candelabra. In the same Chinese fret style of ornament is the cabinet where this type of decoration, so largely used by Thomas Chippendale, appears everywhere carved in low relief on the solid members of the piece. The cabinet contains a notable dessert set of Crown Derby china. It is very full and complete, including ice-pails and sugar-stands besides plates and dishes. The borders are gilt with mottled marbling, broken by little diamond panels containing a conventional rose flower. The centres of each piece are painted to imitate engravings. The subjects are all sporting. The huntsman on his horse and the



A LOW CUPBOARD IN SCULPTURED MAHOGANY.

fowler with his gun are at work; so is Reynard in the poultry yard. The single portraiture of different breeds of dogs and of different kinds of game is of most frequent occurrence. Veneering and inlaying tended to supplant carving as Robert Adam developed and established his style. But the delicacy and elaboration of his designs, which included the human figure treated with classic perfection, carried them beyond the sphere of any but the most expert inlayers, while the artist's brush could render them admirably. Pergolesi took this medium as the basis of those decorative conceptions given to the public in his illustrated work the parts of which began to appear in 1777. He had already been taken up by the Brothers Adam, while Angelica Kauffman, Cipriani and other Academicians executed



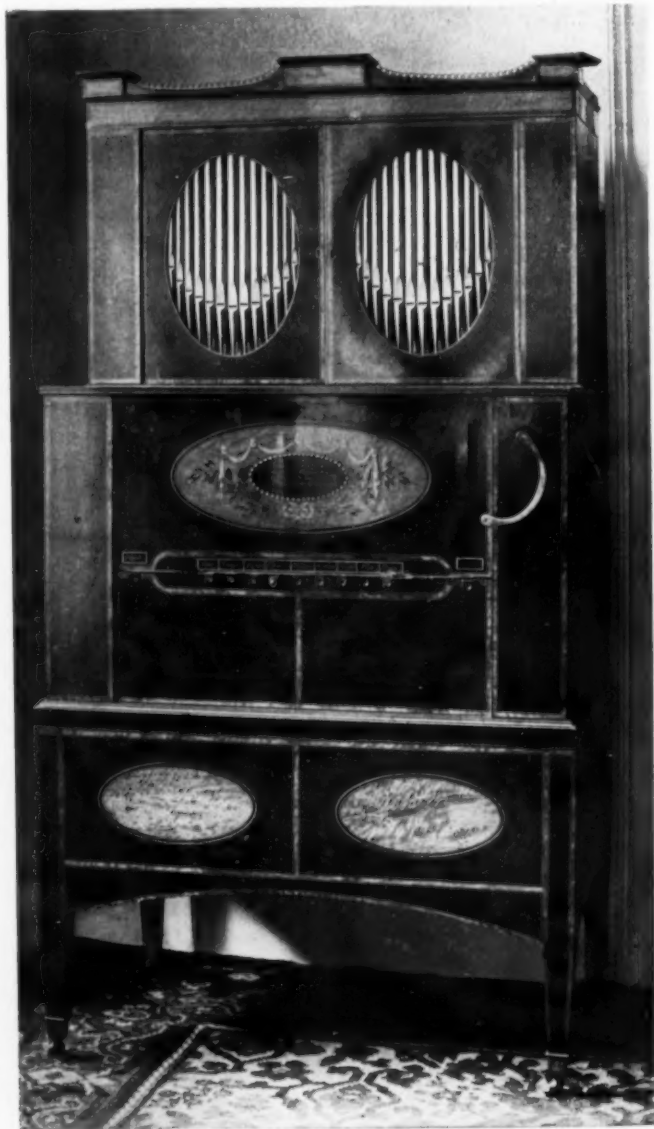
A MAHOGANY CHEST ON CABRIOLE LEGS.

the finest examples. Every kind of furniture was thus decorated, but semi-circular commodes were rather especially chosen for such treatment. Sometimes, as in an example at Osterley, the scrolls and arabesques were inlaid, and only the figure panels were subjects for the brush. In other cases the whole piece, plain and decorated surfaces alike, was painted. Plate XV. of Mr. Macquoid's "Age of Satin Wood," represents such a piece. In design and in colouring it closely resembles that which is now illustrated, except that the latter is a quarter circle to be fitted in a corner. The groundwork is greeny blue. The framing and bands

are chocolate-brown, and the scrolls and arabesques are mostly in yellows and pinks. The figures in the panels exactly harmonise in their colouring with the tones of their environment.



A CABINET WITH FRETWORK ORNAMENT.



A FLAGEOLET AND TABOR ORGAN



A PAIR OF SIDEBOARD PEDESTALS AND URNS.

The two musical instruments only partially depend upon paint for their ornamentation. The inscription on the one shows it to be a "Flageolet and Tabor organ, invented by Clementi and Co. of Cheapside," and it is merely this inscription and the surrounding wreaths that are painted. The remaining surfaces are veneered in mahogany and satinwood in a simple manner, while the pipes are gilt. The other instrument is more decoratively treated. It is one of William Southwell's upright pianos. He was a Dublin man, but, thinking probably that London would offer a wider field for his invention, he came over to England and joined the firm of Broadwood. The case is in Sheraton's manner and probably dates from very late in the eighteenth century. In that case the figures will not have been painted by Angelica Kauffman to whom they are attributed, for she went to Italy soon after she married Zucchi in 1781. She was the first and greatest exponent of this manner of decoration, but she had many capable followers. Gold patterning on a black ground is used on the frieze of the upright piano, which is finished at the top with a rail in the Gothic fret manner. It is full of interest

both as a musical instrument and as a piece of furniture, and is certainly one of the pieces which give a note of distinction to a very good collection.

LADIES' DRIVING.

AT first sight it may seem probable to most of our readers that the last word has been long ago written on this subject. I know, although I must confess I have never read any of them, that numerous books on this question have been written, published, bought and perhaps read. Books of all sizes and all prices, from the ubiquitous shilling handbook of "useful hints for amateurs" to the



A PAINTED CORNER COMMUNE.

profusely illustrated and expensively got-up volumes costing sums from twelve shillings and sixpence to a couple of guineas. But, after all, has the last word been said?

Every year—indeed, every day—driving is becoming more and more difficult owing to the vast increase of motor-vehicles on the roads. Not only motor-cars and motor-bicycles, but huge furniture-vans, brewers' drays and other petrol-driven monsters that resemble nothing on the earth or over the earth or in the waters that are under the earth. These snorting, smelling, hooting machines have come into existence so very lately that I fancy even the newest books on ladies' driving have not dealt with the difficult problem they afford. There are, I am glad to say, still many ladies who drive themselves, and who prefer to drive young, well-bred, spirited horses, that require plenty of nerve and skill to "tool" them along, rather than a mere equine machine guaranteed to "mind nothing."



AN UPRIGHT PIANO BY WILLIAM SOUTHWELL.

The driving of such horses nowadays is a most scientific piece of work. Most well-bred horses are nervous and highly strung, and if they get a bad fright, it takes a very long time for them to get over the effects of it. This is, of course, especially the case with the gentler sex. Indeed, I am inclined to think that a mare never entirely forgets a bad fright or a bad accident she has had in the days of her youth.

The great point is, therefore, not to allow your horse to get a fright if you can possibly avoid it—or, to go one better, try to persuade him there is really nothing to be frightened at in the objects he dislikes and distrusts. Horses are, of course, peculiarly sensitive to the feelings of their riders and drivers, and know instantaneously if the hand on the reins betrays nervousness or not. Obviously, then, the thing to do, if there is plenty of room, is to trot the horse past the motor-driven terror at the same pace and with exactly the same "feel" on his mouth as there was before it approached. There may be, probably will be, a swerve; but if there is room this does no harm. Next time the horse meets a similar vehicle the swerve will be slighter, next time slighter still, until he passes them without taking any notice at all, or, at most, with only a toss of his well-bred head or a backward twitch of his tapering ears. On the other hand, if there is not enough room when passing a car, most emphatically the thing to do to avoid accidents is to pull your horse back into a walk. Naturally you have him more completely under control when going slowly, and the horse cannot by any chance give the same impetus to his swerve, jump or plunge if reined well back to a walk, as he could if he were trotting and driven with even a slightly longer rein. I have tried both ways, and have had my share of accidents; but I have driven more than my share of young troublesome horses, and the outcome of my dearly-bought experience is that an accident can better be avoided by walking a horse past

a thing of which he is afraid than any other way. I have in my possession at present a very powerful five year old bay mare, a magnificent trotter, but very nervous with motors and trains. I got her about three months ago, and for the first two months I had her, I considered her the most dangerous animal I had ever driven. Not that she was in the least bad-tempered; but she was afraid of everything, and more inclined to run away on small provocation than any horse I ever knew.

With this mare I have faithfully adhered to the tactics I have mentioned, and the result is that I can now drive her with perfect safety past a motor-car on a comparatively narrow road, and also through the principal streets of Dublin, crowded as they are with electric trams. When this wild young mare was at her worst with motor-cars, I never asked her to pass one unless there was plenty of room; I have, rather than frighten still more an already terrified horse, turned round on a narrow road and driven back until I came to a wider part, or a convenient gateway, into which we turned until the terrifying object had passed.

In a marvellously short time the mare got to know that she would not be asked to pass a motor unless there was room, and, as I say, she will now trot past them on a narrow road without turning a hair. The same is the case with electric trams. She was first taught to pass a stationary one or watch it start, then to pass one in the widest of our streets, and afterwards to let them come quite close to her. She has now entirely got over her fear of them. The old adage about the weather seems to me to be applicable to ladies driving, "Hope for the best, but prepare for the worst." However, with patience and pluck, a strong pair of reins and a comfortable bit, there is no reason why a lady should not continue to drive a lively horse in safety and comfort.

H. M. W.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

ANYONE desirous of studying the modern man of science may be referred with confidence to Professor Sylvanus P. Thompson's *The Life of William Thomson, Baron Kelvin of Largs* (Macmillan; two vols.). It cannot be described as light or popular reading. Lord Kelvin's luminous and practical intellect took up one difficult and technical subject after another, and to do justice to the manner in which he mastered them it was necessary for his biographer to go into matters that require special training for their comprehension. He had not to record the life of a man whose name is associated with an outstanding principle, as is that of Newton with the law of gravitation, Darwin with evolution, or, in practical work, Stevenson with the steam engine. Kelvin studied certain branches of science in detail, and generally with the object of applying the result to commercial purposes. At the end of the book his achievements are set forth in a number of astonishing tables. During fifty-three years of intellectual activity, beginning with 1854 and ending with 1907, he took out, either for himself or the firm of Kelvin and James White, no fewer than seventy patents. The majority are connected with applied electricity, and a number with improvements in the mariner's compass. Fifty pages of small print are occupied with a mere list of the books, pamphlets, papers and lectures of which he was sole or part author. Among them will not be found one that was done for the sake of mere literary fame. Each was issued with a definite object in view, yet in none will be found the disregard of literary form so common in scientific communications. Lord Kelvin's education was built up on a knowledge of Greek and Latin, and his language is notable for its scholarly precision and exact employment of words. As a fitting complement to the two lists mentioned, we have an appendix of seven pages tabulating the distinctions academic and other which were showered on him.

It is only natural to ask out of what environment so extraordinary a leader of science was developed. When a man's life is so crowded with brilliant successes achieved in a single field of human energy, the chances are that he has been born into the atmosphere. The genius who has the ill luck to be born out of it has usually far more early difficulties to overcome and many valuable years to lose before he finds himself and comes to know the exact bent of his talent. Kelvin was fortunate in his birth. He was born at Belfast on June 20th, 1824; but he was of Scottish extraction and came of a family that had migrated to Ireland in 1641 during the troubled days of the Civil War. His father was a remarkable man, who, brought up as a farm labourer, taught himself the art of sun-dialling while still a child of eleven or twelve. Struck by his abilities, his parent sent him to school at Ballykine to study classics and mathematics. There he soon became an assistant master, and while still teaching managed to attend four sessions at Glasgow University, and graduated M.A. in 1812. On completing his studies he became teacher of mathematics at the Royal Belfast Academy, and subsequently Professor of Mathematics. In 1832, when his son William was just eight years old, he was offered the chair of mathematics at Glasgow University. A father whose career so fully attested his zeal for self-improvement was not likely

to neglect the education of his children, and the boyhood of Lord Kelvin is marked by many events that foreshadowed his future. Thus we learn that when about ten or eleven he and his brother James made for themselves electric machines and Leyden jars. In 1836, as a boy of twelve, he received a prize for translating Lucian's "Dialogues of the Gods" during the college vacation. The Scottish Universities admitted very young students in those days. In 1836, and again in 1837, the two brothers, James and William Thomson, stood first and second in the mathematical list, and, to omit other successes, William, in 1839-40, was awarded the class prize in astronomy and the University medal for an essay on the "Figure of the Earth." Probably the most fruitful of his studies were those under Professor Nichol in 1839-40. He later described the summer of 1839 as "a white era, an era of brightness in my memory." Nichol must have been a teacher after his own heart—no dull pedant, but one who followed with keen zest the scientific progress and discovery of his time:

He showed his students the phenomena of diffraction and the spectrum of the sun's light. He also procured Daguerreotype apparatus, and in 1839 initiated the brothers James and William Thomson into the mystery of taking Daguerreotype photographs. He taught William to take transits of the sun and stars with the transit instruments in the old Macfarlane Observatory.

The point to remember about all this is the manner in which precept and practice were combined. It was no mere book education that the young man received. In 1841, that is, in his seventeenth year, he was entered at Peterhouse, Cambridge. The impression that he produced at the University is described by Canon Grenside, a contemporary student. "He had not been settled in his room for more than three days. . . . Two days afterwards it was currently reported that Thomson would be Senior Wrangler." At the University he lived a hardy, healthy life, not at all that of a cloistered and secluded bookworm. His body was as healthy as his mind. Summer and winter he bathed every day in the Cam, and he found time to dance and ride as well as walk and row. Amid the scholastic distinctions that weary by their number, it is refreshing to read of his triumphs with the oar, how he rowed in the Peterhouse boat when they beat Caius, and how six months afterwards he carried off the Colquhoun sculls. Many incidents are narrated to prove his sociability, and, to speak frankly, they are more convincing than the examples of his wit cited by the biographer. There is something ponderous in this jesting way of giving a very ordinary permission to guests: "Gentlemen, the reduction of cellular tissues to free chemical molecules you may now commence—in other words, you may smoke." Nor do we laugh consumedly at his naming the sea "the great equipotential." It may readily be allowed, however, that he had what is far better than wit—the faculty of being constantly and pleasantly amusing. He must indeed have been a delightful companion, as much for his good humour as for his inexhaustible knowledge. He was also fond of music, as may be read in the "Life of Dr. Dykes," who, on one occasion, took him home to Wakefield, where Thomson proved to be a delightful guest. He made a flying machine out of umbrella whalebones, persuaded an egg to stand, and performed many curious experiments to amuse his fellow guests, as well as playing the cornet at

the family concerts. The expectation that he was to be Senior Wrangler was balked, as the names came out: Senior Wrangler, Parkinson of John's, Second Wrangler, Thomson of Peterhouse. His biographer goes into a great deal of unnecessary explanation of the failure. It is a commonplace that Senior Wranglers in after-life are very seldom heard of. Whewell put the matter in a nutshell when he said, "Thomson of Glasgow is much the greater mathematical genius; the Senior Wrangler was better drilled." After passing a few months in Paris he came back to Peterhouse as college lecturer on mathematics, and held the position till, on the death of Dr. Meikleham, the Chair of Natural Philosophy fell vacant at Glasgow. That he should fill this post had long been the ambition of himself and his father, and they left no stone unturned to secure it. Of course, it was done in the most honourable manner. "From the electors," wrote the elder Thomson, with true Scottish pride and independence, "I wish no pledge or promise in his favour." He was duly elected at what seems to be the extraordinarily early age of twenty-two and entered upon his duties as Professor of Natural Philosophy in 1846. He only resigned so late as 1899, so that he had been professor for three years over the half century.

In a review intended for general readers we have purposely omitted any discussion of his scientific works, and contented ourselves with showing how the great philosopher was born and made. It will be of interest to supplement the sketch with a glance at some of his views and opinions. He was a man of science who held the old religious beliefs. Before lecturing at the University it was his custom to recite the morning prayer reverently. He attended church and was a communicant. But he refused to allow his religious views to blind him. "If a probable solution, consistent with the ordinary course of Nature, can be found we must not invoke an abnormal act of Creative Power." He detested Spiritualism, which he denounced as "That wretched superstition." He was fond of pets, and disliked cruelty to animals. He hated vivisection that inflicted pain without the gain of an adequate result, but he admitted that it was justified by the acquisition of knowledge. He was a devotee of the sea and of sunlight; from boyhood he had been in the habit of sleeping without window-blinds. Like many childless men, he was particularly fond of little children. With young men who came to him with what they thought new he was ever kindly and patient. In politics he was a Liberal Unionist, and he did not like either Bright or Gladstone. The exactitude of the man of science rebelled against their rhetoric.

THE FOUNDER OF THE JESUITS.

Saint Ignatius Loyola, by Francis Thompson. Edited by John Hungerford Pollen, S.J., with 100 illustrations by H. W. Brewer and others. (Burns and Oates.)

MANY people will probably read this book less from sympathy with its subject than because of the writer. The work, we are told by Mr. Meynell, who contributes a brief preface, was undertaken on commission "with an alacrity not always attending the set task." That he succeeded and so admirably is small matter for wonder among those who already knew his beautiful fragment, "Shelley," which showed that he possessed that innate sympathy with, and appreciation of, temperament, which is the essence of successful biography. And the life of St. Ignatius is, judged even from the point of view of mere narrative, a romantic one. We may question if Francis Thompson would not have preferred, indeed, to set it forth in epic form. Original research was beside his plan. This is no mere feat of book-making. It is rather a prose epic, vividly narrated, full of colour and power. St. Ignatius was courtier and soldier in the Court and camp of the Spanish world until he was thirty. He was of noble birth; he had wealth and position and his education and training had been careful and complete. "His was a nature," says Francis Thompson, "not easy to be subdued to sanctity." During the Siege of Pamplona by the French he was wounded when defending the ramparts in a last forlorn and desperate hope. His wound—the practical shattering of a leg—was so severe that at the end of a fortnight he was released without ransom and borne by his enemies to his own home, the Castle of Loyola. His life was despaired of; but on the eve of St. Peter and St. Paul he declared that St. Peter appeared to him promising recovery. As he grew better books were brought to him from the limited store the castle could offer. To St. Ignatius, filled only with worldly ambition, with dreams of a glorious military career, the call to another life came, as it had done to so many other saints, with strange suddenness. "With such a man," writes Francis Thompson, "there could be no halting measures. It was to be a change of flags. . . . Hesitancy was past; he made the 'grand refusal' which was equally the grand acceptance, and the whole trend of his affections changed with a swift completeness possible only to a soul at once so eager and decisive." Then follows a description of his memorable pilgrimage. At Montserrat Ignatius hung up his dagger and sword. He exchanged the vanity of worldly garments for a robe of sackcloth. "Never religious Order had such chivalric birth. For on that night was born (though yet its founder dreamed not of it) the Company of Jesus, the Free-Lances of the Church." Going onward to Manresa he began to practice those severe austerities of which in after-life he perceived the unwisdom, and forbade the like to his novices. The hair-shirt, the scourge, the prickly belt, were endured and suffered by Ignatius in the Cave of Manresa. And here he wrote the "Spiritual Exercises." Few can read that exercise, "The Two Camps," without perceiving something of the Saint's own autobiography therein. At Manresa, too, was given to him the intimate revelation of the work he was destined to found. "Thus I saw it at Manresa," was his invariable

reply to any question concerning his Constitutions. The history of the Order is carefully sketched. Very charming are the portraits of those first companions, particularly that of the young Pedro de Ribadeneira, who, afterwards the Saint's chief biographer, as a wilful boy of fifteen insisted upon entering the Order as a postulant. "The Order was martial in its conception." And the spirit of military obedience was displayed in abundance by Ignatius and his companions. "Father, I am ready to sail," said Francis Xavier, when called upon at a day's notice to start for the East from which he never returned. "Need is to obey, but not to live," said Fabre, when nominated Papal Theologian for Trent, and was warned that the journey in his enfeebled state might prove fatal. Le Juy, when threatened with drowning in the Danube if he persisted in his mission, only replied, "What matters whether I enter Heaven by land or by water?" Ignatius once declared "that a sign from the Pope would send him on board the nearest galley at Ostia ready to put off without oars, sails or provisions." "But where would be the prudence of this?" asked a nobleman. The answer came right soldierly: "Prudence, my lord, is the virtue of those who command, not of those who obey." What marvel, then, that his parting words when he despatched his followers on any mission, *He omnia inflammate et accendite*, should ring in their ears, compelling them to obedience and courage! St. Ignatius died when he was sixty-five years of age. Owing to a mistake on the part of the doctor, who did not believe him to be dying, he did not receive the last sacrament for which he had asked. "Before blessing or confession could reach him Ignatius Loyola lay dead, hiding in a great calm those inner sufferings which men could never know. He died . . . without ostentation . . . without final counsels and direction to the Order he left behind . . . choosing rather to leave his dying like his living, as an ordinary incident in the hands of God."

A NOVEL OF INTRIGUE.

The Human Cobweb: A Romance of Old Peking, by B. L. Putnam Weale. (Macmillan.)

IN this book Mr. Weale returns to ground familiar to his readers. The action does indeed begin in London, but this is only to initiate a love-story, which has little to do with the work beyond roughly cementing the parts together. The real scene of the story is Peking. The hero is concession hunting, and is brought into contact with a number of those clever and ruse people who used to be attracted to China by the same errand. There is an hotel-keeper called Carnot, a keen, urbane, gossiping, eaves-dropping and yet, in his own way, not dishonest host, who watches over his guests and joins in their intrigues. There is one of the typical smooth and deep Italians who in his moments of leisure is chiefly devoted to the discussion of wines and viands of which he is an epicure, but underneath this frivolity conceals a will of steel and a strong intellectual grasp. He is by no means a bad character, and at any rate has the merit of being constantly amusing. There is, of course, an unprincipled lady, the wife of a Frenchman, who is also seeking a railway concession. Out of these characters, in his leisurely, scholarly way and in a style dashed with cynicism, Mr. Putnam Weale constructs a story that demands a long day's idleness and a very easy armchair for its full appreciation. It is easy to read, however, when one has become accustomed to the author's quiet way of making one point before he goes to another. Apparently he is steeped in French literature, and not only gives us many French quotations, but a number of incidents that carry with them a reminder of the Parisian school.

THE SCOT IN LONDON.

Such and Such Things, by Mark Allerton. (Methuen.)

THIS is a mordant study of the career of a raw-boned Scot who attains to high position and great wealth in London. It is clever and amusing. David Logan is a self-made man, and he possesses the defects as well as the qualities that make for success. He is industrious, ambitious and resolute, keen in business, ardent and unwearied in work, but mean and self-seeking; too intent on making money to let love or passion stand in the way. Not at heart vicious or dissipated, there is no principle within to keep him dallying with vice. But it is his meanness that gives the author his chances. On the rare occasions when he goes for a night out he has the faculty of making his companions pay. The girl typist whom he loves in the days of his poverty he gets dismissed from the business and his life when he becomes manager and prospective partner. To his friend in need he offers nothing but good advice. His plan for helping a father and mother broken by overwork and poverty is to offer the former a post (which he cannot hold) under the firm. The crowning act of his career occurs when, for business reasons, he throws up the quest of a fine and beautiful girl in order to marry her widowed mother. The story is told with humour and animation, and is sufficiently true to a certain type to make it laughable even to those who know the depths of generosity there are in many a frugal Scot, whose economy is misinterpreted as miserliness.

HARRY LAUDER IN AMERICA.

My American Travels, by Harry Lauder. (Newnes.)

MR. HARRY LAUDER takes the public into his confidence when he writes much as he does when he sings, and his book of travels differs from others of its breed by the succession of airily dismissed personalities with which an otherwise monotonous record of triumphs is enlivened. Among other notabilities, Mr. Lauder made the acquaintance of ex-President Roosevelt and Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Of the former he tells us that he is a "clunker." With regard to Mr. Carnegie, the point that seems to have struck him most is that such a rich man should be such a small one. But in this Mr. Lauder must surely bid fair to emulate the great steel magnate himself. He bears up under American newspaper criticism with Scottish independence, naively admitting that he made the most of his accent and was careful to wear the kilt, except when it was too cold, during the whole of his tour, thereby evidently hoping to impress the

reporters who thronged around him like bees round a flower. At the same time, we must admit that Mr. Lauder has treated a rather difficult subject with much tact and considerable modesty.

WHAT ALL THE WORLD'S A-SEEKING.

The End of the Rainbow, by Stella M. Düring. (Chapman and Hall.)

THIS is a story with several mottoes. One is not to indulge in that vain pursuit of happiness to which we poor mortals are so prone, because, like the end of the rainbow that children seek, we shall always find it still "in the next field." Another is to beware of sowing wild oats, however innocent they may seem; and yet a third is to avoid educating your children above your own station, if you want them to respect the family traditions afterwards. The poor little heroine, Lilith, is the daughter of a defunct grocer, and while still a child she has an innocent adventure upon which everyone, including her own mother, insists on placing a most outrageous construction, and the cruel consequences of an hour's stolen pleasure follow her all her life. There is a picture, gently malicious, but unflinchingly truthful, of the

attitude an impressionable girl may (and often does) adopt towards ritualistic religion that will gladden the hearts of Protestant readers. On the other hand, the chapter devoted to Sunday morning at a little Bethel in Canonbury will give Ritualists cause to smile—charitably, of course. Between the two extremes Lilith, the one single-hearted though unconscious Christian in a singularly repulsive family, becomes an outcast, and only finds a qualified peace at last in the arms of an undenominational lover. In spite of the author's evident antagonism to sect and dogma, she draws for us a clergyman's wife whom we feel it would be a pleasure to know, also two young men whom it would be an even greater pleasure to kick, and a heroine with whom we fall in love at first sight and leave with regret.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Life of Lord Kelvin, by Silvanus P. Thompson. (Macmillan.)
The Literature of the Victorian Era, by Hugh Walker. (Cambridge University Press.)
The Human Colweb, by B. L. Putnam Weale. (Macmillan.)
Sylvia in Society, by Mrs. George Norman. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE Tantalus Club, of North Berwick, has come into vernal activity very early in the year, and held a competition in which Mr. Gairdner was the winner, and also a business meeting in which the case of the amateur championship was discussed. It is a matter in which this eminent and old-established club has a right to a say, by virtue of being one of those which took part in the original institution of the competition, and in subscribing for the cup which is the trophy of victory therein. The meeting passed a resolution in favour of adding a new green to the rota, but adopts a cautious policy in not suggesting which that green shall be. I have said before, but do not mind saying again, that Westward Ho! appears to me the links which has an outstanding claim to be considered, if the principle of admitting another course into the present select company is ultimately approved. When I went there lately, after an absence of seven years, the excellence of the course, much altered, lengthened and in every way improved, struck me, and not me only, with much amazement. Mr. Charles Hutchings and Mr. W. E. Fairlie visited it at the same time and were equally "struck all of a heap" by its goodness. It is so sporting that it is eminently the green for a match-play tournament, and it has besides a strong traditional claim as the first seaside course on which golf was ever played in England, and as being in fact the pioneer of the great golfing movement. It is only a few nights ago that I heard J. H. Taylor publicly declare, in a speech made before a large gathering, that he considered it the finest course in the world. As it is at present laid out, I endorse his opinion without qualification.

THE ADVERTISERS' GOLFING SOCIETY.

The occasion of this pronouncement by Taylor was the dinner, at the Hotel Cecil, of the Advertisers' Golfing Society. This is one of the most recently formed of the many societies of its kind (Mr. Darwin, in course of some highly humorous remarks, observed that it was the only one of them that seemed to deem it incumbent on itself to give anything—referring to the very excellent dinner—except the pleasure of its society to the golfers whose courses it visited), and from the numbers and zeal of its members it is evidently in a very flourishing condition. Mr. Frank Newnes did the honours of the chair, supported by Sir George Riddell, and after attending a good many more or less public functions of this and other kinds, I am beginning to think that there is more of the saving salt of humour in the after-dinner speeches of golfers than in most of the orations to which we listen during the process of digestion.

GOLFERS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Taylor expressed the pious hope that, since Mr. Newnes had left politics for a while, or politics had left him—for he was beaten in the General Election—he would have greater leisure for the more important business of his golfing improvement, but if the House of Commons team is weakened by the loss of Mr. Newnes, the General Election has greatly added to its general golfing strength. The length of its driving is enormously increased by the accession of Mr. Angus Hambro. Then Mr. Mallaby Deeley is a new member who is a very useful golfer indeed, much harder to beat than he appears at first sight. There is Mr. Harry Foster, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Mr. Balfour and so on, of the old team, all on the Unionist side, and since the Government's strength is much diminished by allowing Mr. Herbert Gladstone to go out of the country, the Opposition will certainly have much the better of it on the golf links.

THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP.

For the open championship competitors—that is to say, the remnant surviving the qualifying rounds—will now be spared one day at least of the long-drawn-out agony and strain on muscle and endurance. The scores made in the qualifying play will count towards the total and the final result, so that when these rounds are done (and no competitor will play more than a single round on either of these days) there will remain but one full day's play of thirty-six holes to finish the whole affair. It is not to be thought that this is asking too much of any golfer in good health and condition. Evidently this very simple expedient will reduce the nerve strain immensely, so much so that it seems wonderful that an alteration so easy, and the elimination of only a single day, can make so big a difference. It is possible that some may fancy that the necessity of qualifying acts as a clog on their best efforts—that they may argue that it prevents them from going boldly out to make the best score possible; but it is hardly to be expected that many will do so. Score play is always a business that needs cautious handling. The big risks are not worth the taking, as they often are in a match where only some great achievement can save

the hole. There is always an element of the qualifying competition about it, and that is what always makes it just a little dull.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

Cambridge did quite well in halving with Mid-Surrey on Saturday, although the latter had one or two good players absent, particularly Mr. H. E. Taylor and Mr. H. L. Doherty. Mr. Ireland, who is at his best a very dangerous player, beat Mr. Cheserton by four and two; while Mr. Walker beat Mr. Percy Quilter. Mr. Medrington also won his match and



MR. T. E. SCRUTTON, K.C.

has usually done well for his side this year. It is interesting to see the name of Mr. R. F. Doherty as winning his match for Mid-Surrey. Though he does not play so much or so seriously as his younger brother, he hits the ball with the air of a natural player of games, and is certain to become a good golfer if he be so minded. While Cambridge were halving Oxford just lost their match against Mr. Eustace Landale's side by two points. The scratch team was a fairly strong one, but, on the whole, we should have expected Oxford to win on last term's form. Mr. Beveridge succeeded in beating Mr. Evans, which is more than anyone else has done for some time; but Mr. Croome, who nearly always wins his matches against his old University, was for once in a way beaten. The match was played on that most charming and sandy of courses, Frilford Heath, which is a vast improvement on either Hinksey or Radley, and bears a curiously-marked resemblance to the course at Mildenhall, where Cambridge play their home matches.

THE FOLLY OF GIVING CLUBS AWAY.

It is a curious thing how often the favourite club in a golfer's bag has been acquired from another for a nominal price or even for nothing, on the ground that it was no use to the donor. The obvious moral is that one man's meat may be another man's poison; but a more subtle moral is that it is very foolish to give away clubs. It is far wiser to put them away for a spell and forget all about them. When we pick them up again after an interval we shall often be surprised to find that, far from feeling useless and unwieldly, they are the very thing for which we have in vain been ransacking the club-maker's shop. On waggling the other day an exquisite iron with which a great professional champion had just played a shot, it was rather astonishing to receive the intelligence that it had been given away to him and that by a good and experienced player. This gentleman had averred that he was not certain that the club was not just the least bit too heavy for his wrists. "Well, sir," had observed the Machiavellian professional, "I am not altogether sure that it is not"; forthwith he had been presented with the club and the rash giver will never get it back. He, perhaps, is quite happy, because he does not know what he has lost, but he would have been far wiser to put away that iron in a dark cupboard instead of casting his pearls before champions.

MR. T. E. SCRUTTON, K.C.

Mr. Scrutton is the present captain of the Bar Golfing Society, although his term of office is nearly at an end. He enjoys the distinction of playing with the largest and heaviest driver in existence; it is so vast a bludgeon that even Mr. Scrutton can only wield it with a comparatively curtailed swing; but it is probably this short swing that accounts for the usually extreme steadiness of his execution. He is, as everyone knows, an authority on those intricate and, to the layman, rather depressing subjects, Charter Parties and Copyrights, and has a great practice in commercial cases. When Mr. Justice Hamilton was still at the Bar, a case in the Commercial Court, wherein Mr. Hamilton was not on one side and Mr. Scrutton not on the other, was a thing to marvel at. Mr. Scrutton obtained every conceivable kind of "first" when he was at Trinity College, Cambridge, and has ever since gone on his way rejoicing. Like another ex-captain of the Bar Golfing Society, Mr. Horace Ivory, he has lately been appointed to sit as Commissioner of Assize.

GOLF AT HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS AND BEXHILL.

THESE three places extend in a more or less straight line along the coast, the first two forming one continuous whole, while there is a short gap between St. Leonards and Bexhill. Each of the three boasts its own golf course, and by the aid of trams there is no difficulty in getting from any one of the three to any other. We will begin with Hastings, which lies on the left wing, St. Leonards constituting the centre and Bexhill the right wing.

To reach the Hastings course we take a tram from the Memorial to Christchurch, Ore, whence five minutes' walk will get us to the club. If we prefer a rather longer but more interesting route, we can walk through the older part of the town—the town of "Winding Street" and "Rock-a-Nore Road," and an indefinable atmosphere of Mr. Jacob's stories. The walk brings us to a sheer and tremendous cliff—the East Hill—which we ascend by means of a lift, to find ourselves in open country on the top of a big bluff. The air up there is wonderfully crisp and fresh and bracing, and it is well worth the journey up merely to get a truly glorious view of the sea. From the top another very short walk brings us to the club-house and the course. The first part of it that we see is of an almost terrifyingly sporting character, consisting of a narrow strip, rather steeply sloping, but dotted here and there with gorse and having small plateau greens built out from the hillside. Much straight driving and accurate pitching must be necessary here, but beyond the club-house come longer holes in rather more open country, stretching some way inland. Although it is perched on a cliff, it may be described as the more or less ordinary inland course as regards its turf, bunkers and hazards; but to take no account of the cliff and the view would certainly be doing the course a grave injustice.

Visitors may play at the rate of 2s. a day, 7s. 6d. a week or £1 a month. They may, moreover, play on Sundays and have the assistance of caddies. Having disposed of Hastings, we turn to the course of the St. Leonards and East Sussex Club, and here, again, the tram will do nearly all the work for us, whether we are in Hastings or in St. Leonards itself. Five minutes in a tram from the St. Leonards Pier, followed by a very few minutes' walk up not too fierce a hill, brings us to the club-house. As at Hastings, the course is only a seaside one, in the sense

that we are up on a height with a fine view of the sea; the turf itself is of an inland character. The eighteen holes run, roughly speaking, along two sides of a valley, through the bottom of which runs the railway. The ground nearest the club is, perhaps, the better golfing country, being naturally broken and undulating and rejoicing in some fine clumps of whins, which, whatever we may think of them as ideal hazards, yet indubitably give a golfing appearance.

The first nine holes are on the near side of the railway, so that it is possible, if we so desire, to play a round of but nine holes without getting very far away from home. The first holes are fraught with the excitement of the whins and, after that we go into some more open country that stretches away to the right. Then we go under the railway line, and scale the other side of the valley; play one or two open good-length holes along the top of it, and then begin once more to descend. This we do among perils of some hedges, ditches and sand bunkers and, having some accurate pitches to play down the slopes, finally, we play or attempt to play one good full shot across the corner of a football ground on to a green that is close to the railway once more, and, if all goes well, we shall end with a three to cheer us for our lunch. The holes are not, as a rule, particularly long, and a strong driver should often have a mashie in his hand for his second shot; but this, after all, is rather a blessing than otherwise in winter weather, when inland turf grows at all heavy and brassey shots are not unmixed bliss. Moreover, several of these mashie shots are entertaining enough and must be played with commendable accuracy.

Visitors are allowed to play on entering their names in the visitors' book and on payment of 2s. for one day, 5s. for three, 7s. 6d. for a week or £1 for a month, and there is Sunday play with caddies. The club has a very good player in their professional, Mitchell, one of the great clan of Mitchells from Ashdown Forest, who has distinguished himself in the *News of the World* Tournament.

Bexhill can be reached easily enough by train, but a tram is to be recommended since it puts us down within a very few minutes of the club-house. Indeed, it is extraordinary how comfortably and quickly we can get from Hastings or St. Leonards, play our two rounds at Bexhill, and be home for tea. About twenty minutes in a tram from the pier at St. Leonards, followed by five minutes' walk should see us close to the sea, and playing our first tee shot at Bexhill. The course is not, like the other two, upon a cliff, but is close down to the shore; we have still, however, to do without the genuine sea turf, and, indeed, it is rather curious to find inland turf so very close to the sea. Just at the present moment, after all the wet of winter, the course is a little heavy, but the greens remain uncommonly good under the circumstances; there is nice, smooth, delicate turf upon them, and in good weather they must be very pleasant to putt upon. They must also be pleasantly difficult since for the most part they are full of natural slopes and undulations which in dry weather must need the subtlest and truest hitting.

The course is on the short side, and herein, perhaps, lies one of its chief merits. This sounds unkindly, but is not so meant; there really is a fascination in the hope of many threes, when they can only be obtained by really good shots from the tee. Full shots, cleek shots and mashie shots—we can get threes by them all if we only ply them well enough; but the holes are by no means all short, especially in the latter half of the course, and all our high hopes of a low score may be dashed at the seventeenth, a really good hole with a most alluring ditch that guards the left of the green. The visitors' fees at Bexhill are very slightly more than at St. Leonards, viz.: 2s. 6d. a day, three days 5s., 10s. a week or £1 a month. The Sunday golfer must carry his own clubs; but the course is not a laborious one, so that this is no vast hardship.

If the visitor to any of these three places does not mind going a little further afield he can get some of the very finest golf in the world at Rye. Rye is so good a course that it would be idle to sing its praises in detail. The point is rather how to get there. The golfer must make up his mind to go for a whole day's outing, but having done that, he need not spend longer of it than many a London player does at every week-end of his life. Twenty minutes to half-an-hour in a train from Hastings will get him to Rye, whence, if he be extravagant, he can drive out some three miles to the course. If he be economical, he can walk up from the station through the pretty old town to the little steam tram, which, after a journey of some eight minutes, will put him down within five minutes' walk of the club.

To play all our Hastings golf at Rye might be laborious, but not to do it occasionally would be a sad mistake. The terms for visitors are 5s. a day, 10s. for three consecutive days, or £1 a week, and caddies are allowed on Sundays. To this should be added that although an introduction from a member is necessary, the difficulty is not a wholly insuperable one. A final note may be made that ladies can play on all these courses, save only on Saturdays at Rye.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAD RACE-HORSES IN LONDON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The King has given many proofs of his interest in the well-being of the British Museum of Natural History—of which he is a trustee—and the latest of these is his gift of the skeleton of Persimmon and a cast of that animal's head taken after death. The curious during the past week have flocked to inspect these remains; but they represent more than most people suppose. It is the aim of the authorities to bring together as complete a history of the evolution of animals under domestication as is possible, and no section of the fine series now brought together is so complete as that relating to the horses, though it is very far indeed from being quite complete. This last addition will do much to help us to measure what changes have taken place under man's guidance in the matter of the evolution of thorough-breds and the modification of the skeleton due to selection in the matter of increased speed. When in its final resting-place it will be possible to compare Persimmon not only with his fossil ancestors, but also with the most primitive known wild horse, on the one hand, and the zebra, on the other; and such comparison should bring to light some interesting facts. But more than this is to be hoped for. Hidden away in the Royal United Service Museum at Whitehall is the skeleton of Napoleon's horse, Marengo; in the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, Red Lion Square, is the skeleton of that marvellous horse, Eclipse; the Royal Veterinary College at Camden Town possesses the skeleton of Hermit; and the Royal College of Surgeons, of Orlando. Now, it is to be hoped that these several institutions may some day be induced to yield up their precious relics to the museum, so that they may be compared side by side. Scattered as they are much of their value, scientifically, is lost.—W. P. PYCRAFT.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SOUR MILK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is to be regretted that the substantial merits of lactic acid in certain forms of dyspepsia should run the risk of being discredited by the somewhat fanciful bacteriological speculations with which M. Metchnikoff has embroidered the unquestionable facts he has adduced in support of his recommendation of that agent in his interesting work on "The Prolongation of Life," or by the still more objectionable commercialism with which they are being so actively exploited. It is well that the public should know that whether they take this acid in the form of sour milk, buttermilk or whey, there is no risk of danger from serious infective organisms, since all such organisms require an alkaline medium for their vitality, and one soured by lactic acid is soon fatal to them. As to the speculation that the efficacy of sour milk is due to the action of the Bulgarian or any other bacillus on the putrefactive bacteria of the large intestine, neither Metchnikoff himself nor anyone else has yet proved that the acid-forming bacilli can survive their passage through the alkaline secretions of the small intestine. But there is no doubt that the lactic acid which they help to form can do so, and that it has the specific action on the septic organisms of the large intestine which M. Metchnikoff has claimed for it. There is no need to go to Bulgaria for acid-producing organisms. They are abundant in all samples of milk, and when they have once started the fermentation of the milk sugar, which produces lactic acid, the milk is as effectively protected as if it had been sterilised. It would be interesting to have some better evidence than has yet been offered that the case of alleged illness from drinking sour milk, of which we have heard so much lately, was really attributable to this cause; or that, if it was, it was due to anything more than unreasonable indulgence in an acid beverage which would have been quite harmless in moderation.—FRANCIS T. BOND, M.D.

BUNYAN AND THE MOUNTAINS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is interesting to reflect that John Bunyan has been honoured and his works read for more than one reason. The accepted reason to-day is that he was the founder of the English novel. In the pages of "The Pilgrim's Progress" he doubtless reproduces many a good soul he knew at Elstow. But it is not only the characters that live in his immortal romance. Both the plot and the scenery are alive and vividly real. In Bunyan's case, as in many another, modern criticism has been busy with the materials which genius employs. An American writer has discovered a host of Pilgrims and their Progresses before Bunyan's hero began his journey; in fact, the writing of this kind of tale had been for centuries a tradition both in French and in English literature. The subject was suggested by the familiar practice of "making pilgrimage." As for the scenery, an English enthusiast has described and sketched Bunyan's country of Bedfordshire. With commendable ingenuity he finds in this flat and uninteresting district the prototypes of the grand scenes through which Christian fared. But it is hard, even for enthusiasm, to find the Delectable Mountains or the Hill Difficulty in—the Cailterns. Criticism mentions no other hills as being known to Bunyan, and genius can make a Himalaya out of an ant-heap. Shortly after reading the account of Bunyan's country, the writer of this note met with a curious experience. He happened, on a tour, to be stranded at the old-world village of Albury, a few miles south-east of Guildford. It is a flat district, but from its centre rises one of the most conspicuous landmarks in England—St. Martha's Hill. It is notable for its clear-cut symmetry and its isolation. The summit is crowned by a church, a beacon for the whole valley. The view from the top is magnificent; Leith Hill and Hindhead are like Alps; the Hog's Back by comparison is a strip of Holland. The last hundred feet of the hill make a stiff climb, and I thought of—the Hill Difficulty. Strange to say, the villagers told me afterwards not only that the road up the hill is an ancient Pilgrim's Way, but that Bunyan himself had actually visited the place. They told me of the swampy, flooded ground near Chilworth, and the ancient and once-thronged fair of Shalford, the neighbouring villages. And I thought of the tinkler, preacher and immortal climbing up the hill and seeing with his bodily eyes the Delectable Mountains.—A. E. C.

FAKED "OLD" BRASSWORK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The interesting article by Mr. Kelway on pole-heads, in your issue of January 1st, induces me to ask whether you would give your readers a lesson in brasswork. At the present time one sees so much so-called "old" brasswork—hall door-knockers, chamber door-knockers, table-bells, chimney-piece ornaments, paper-holder, door-weights, etc.—that one wonders whether the articles are really antique or "faked." If the latter, how can they be recognised? Dress-hooks are a very prominent feature in many curiosity shops, and the same design of so many of them makes one think that they must be "fakes"; and yet it is difficult to see how the usual price asked for them can prove remunerative if of modern make. I am anxious to collect some pieces I have seen, but do not care about doing so in my present state of ignorance. I should, though, be grateful for a few hints on the subject.—J. W. B. WHETHAM.

[Our correspondent will do well to be cautious in regard to buying, as faking is a prevalent art in brasswork. We hope to publish an article on the subject before long.—ED.]

A GREAT MARKET CROSS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the fine market cross at Salisbury, which has happily escaped being swept away by the besom of destruction. In most places where the market cross still remains a notable feature, and in some



SALISBURY MARKET CROSS.

sort the central point of the town, the old Gothic structure has been replaced by a classical successor. This was the case with the butter crosses of Bungay and Swaffham; but Salisbury retains in its cross the dominating medieval tradition which its cathedral stamps on the county town of Wiltshire.—C. G.

A LARGE FROZEN TROUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A heavy fish weighing twelve pounds and alleged to be a bull trout was recently discovered lying frozen and dead in the shallow water of the river Brathay, near Brathay Fell, Ambleside. The thermometer at the time registered zero, and it is probable that this fish got embedded and wedged in the ice before becoming aware of its danger. When found it was completely surrounded by snow and ice.—C. J. H. CASSELLS.

ZOOLOGICAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The able writer of that very interesting review of Mr. Dugmore's great book, when he says, "It will be but a few years before we shall see clubs and societies formed for the advancement of natural history photography," does not seem to be aware of the existence of the Zoological Photographic Club. This was formed over ten years ago by Mr. Charles Louis Hett of Brigg, and to-day is in a very flourishing condition. Among its present members are no fewer than ten or twelve who are more or less regular contributors to your pages, as well as others whose work has appeared once or oftener. The club is of the "postal" variety, and the portfolios containing members' photographs go round each month, and contain new work

and members' comments on it. If you, Sir, would like to see one (or more) of these portfolios, I will ask Mr. Douglas English, our president, to take an early opportunity of sending one on to you.—JASPER ATKINSON, Hon. Sec. Z.P.C.

NEW OAK AND OLD

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some months ago, when at a sale, I saw a cupboard made of very fine oak linen-patterned panels. They had evidently been collected at various times, since those in front did not match the sides, and had then, with the aid of a good deal of new oak, been utilised as a cupboard. Of course, the new wood contrasted strongly with the old; but I thought it could easily be toned down, so bought the cupboard. I consulted a furniture dealer about it, and he advised me to paint the new parts with a very strong solution of ammonia. I did so, and the result was to give the wood an unpleasant ashy colour, streaked all over with a sort of white

sediment. I thought perhaps the solution was not strong enough, and tried again, and the results were rather worse. Then I tried to wash it off, but the ammonia had soaked so thoroughly into the wood that it would not come out. The surface remained clean for a day or so after the washing, and then the white streaky appearance came back as bad as before. Finally, I painted it with a very weak solution of permanganate of potash. On the ammonia-soaked surface this has dried a dirty pinkish colour, and the last state of my cupboard is unspeakable. It is a heavy piece of furniture, and having fixed it in a flat rather near the sky, I did not want to have to go to the trouble of sending it away again to a furniture restorer at the risk of the panels getting dented or cracked. Is there anything I can do to remove the ammonia and make the new wood tone with the old? The old, I may say, does not look as if it had ever had any treatment except that of time. If any of your readers can help me I shall be extremely obliged.—M.

IN THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—When I was in the Isles of Scilly I took this photograph of the mesembryanthemum, which grows like a weed over the ground, above high-water mark, and hangs over the walls by the sea, the large flowers being

either white or yellow, and turning to pink as they begin to fade. The flowers only appear to grow where they can get the full benefit of the sea air, and seem to require very little soil, and that of a poor quality. The photograph of the sheep was also taken there on the seashore, all the sheep and lambs being hobbled to prevent them jumping the walls into the gardens and flower-fields; otherwise they stray where they like. In the spring we frequently found one in the road being shorn by its owner, who, being generally a fisherman, and having his time on shore limited, had to shear his sheep where he found them.

—MARY G. S. BRIST.

A MIXTURE FOR WHITEWASHING FRUIT TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I should like to suggest to some of your readers, who at this season of the year are whitewashing the fruit trees in their gardens and orchards, that a medium made of whitewash, *i.e.*, lime and soot in equal parts, makes a far less obtrusive wash; and the trees, instead of looking like bleached bones, have a dark neutral colour. I also use the old "water

glass" left over from preserving eggs during the winter, to half of water. So applied, this makes an excellent mixture.—JESSIE GODWIN-AUSTEN.

SUGGESTED CO-OPERATION AGAINST RATS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice frequent allusions in your columns to the rat plague, its extent and the difficulty of coping with it. You also say, very rightly as I think, that the only way of dealing with these vermin is by concerted action all the country over. Unfortunately, such action is very difficult to arrange. The concert would be rather apt to produce some discords, and would require an organisation of which we do not seem to have the elements at hand. Parliament, unfortunately, is so occupied with immense schemes of doubtful utility, that it has no attention to spare for little schemes that would be of undoubted good. I want to suggest, in these circumstances, that something might perhaps be done on the lines on which we try to deal with another plague—that of the wood-pigeons, in my part of the country. Some half-dozen of us, neighbours, agree that on a certain day we will shoot the pigeons in our woods, that is to say, will establish ourselves and keepers in different plantations into which the birds come, so as to keep them moving from one to the other and not able to find any one place of sanctuary, as it were,



TETHERED SHEEP IN THE SCILLY ISLES



MESEMBRYANTHEMUM IN THE SCILLY ISLES.

to which they may resort without getting a shot sent at them. Then each of the six of us undertakes to inform his neighbour on the farther boundary from our centre of operations that we are going to open this campaign on the day agreed on, and to try to get this neighbour to shoot his own woods for pigeons the same day and also to inform his neighbour on the farther boundary again. Thus the campaign grows, rather on the "snowball" system, and, in order yet further to extend its activity, we put a notice in the local paper that we are going to be at the pigeons on this day, and that gives any other neighbours and farmers the opportunity of joining in, and so harassing the pigeons over a very large stretch of country. Owing to the large range it is impossible to compute exactly the number of the slain, but it is very considerable, many hundreds, probably over a thousand, and it really does seem to make some slight impression on their numbers. What I want to suggest is that something on the same lines might be organised against the rats, only, of course, you cannot deal with them so quickly. Instead of beginning and finishing the campaign all in one day, you would have to make a week or more of it. But still the action in concert over a big stretch of country would be the great point, for rats are very quick in quitting a place where they are persecuted to go to another near by where they can find peace. The great thing is that they should not be able to find it.—PIRD PIPER.

EGG PRESERVING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With your note last week on the failure of our poultry keepers as a whole to make their hens lay in winter I fully agree, but you go on to say "indolent poultry keepers have sought a way out of the difficulty by preserving eggs." I would praise the business acumen of those poultry

keepers who preserve eggs rather than label them "indolent," especially as many of them get excellent winter records. In many districts in spring eggs are so cheap, owing to their abundance, that poultry farmers find it more profitable to preserve eggs and sell them at a penny in the autumn, rather than to accept a fraction of a penny "spot cash."—C. D. L.

A TAME FOX.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Last year I sent you some photographs of a tame hind, which you reproduced. Now I am forwarding some of a tame fox, about nine months old, which belongs to Mr. James, Chapelhayes' Farm, Criss Crass, Devon. The fox is extremely tame and plays with a young foxhound from the Silverton pack, walked by Mr. James, sheep, dogs and cats, and appears to have no fear; in fact, Mr. James informs me that the fox is quite master. The fox is on a lead, because this is the time of year that the male and female foxes get together, and they are afraid if it did get away



A CURIOUS ARMFUL.

perhaps it would not come back again. I think it quite unnecessary, but, of course, they do not want to lose their pet.—H. E. HATT.

A JACOBITE GLASS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The other week your paper contained an interesting article on old glass. I noticed one of the Jacobite glasses had a cat stem, and no date or period given under it. Is the writer of the article quite certain that this is a Jacobite glass, and, if so, can he give me any idea of the period? Is not the date somewhere between 1765 and 1780?—SUSSEX.

[Mr. Varty-Smith writes: "The engraved rose and bud are Jacobite emblems, and the date is probably about 1770-80."]

REFUSAL TO EAT CORN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers who understand the care of horses tell me of anything I can give a valuable cob to make her eat her corn? I have tried everything I can think of. I have had the "vet." to look at her teeth, and have an experienced coachman. The horse is fresh and willing, but thin, and does not eat sufficient to keep her condition. If we mix corn (which is of the best and which the other horses eat with avidity), she will carefully pick out every grain of corn and leave it, eating whatever it is mixed with. I shall be most grateful for any hints and information, as the cob is an excellent horse and one to which we are much attached.—H. G. A.

[If your veterinary surgeon is satisfied that your cob is not in any way suffering from her teeth or mouth, it is not easy to understand why she should refuse to eat corn. Try the effect of a few alternative or tonic balls, followed by a complete change of corn. If feeding on white oats, try black

or *vice versa*. If these fail, try crushed oats; these she will probably eat, but in either case mix some finely-chopped carrots, a little molassine or other food of that description with her feed. A further examination of her mouth seems advisable.—ED.]

A UNIQUE SHRUB.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a rather unique rhododendron tree. It was caused by the bursting of a main water pipe, which "played" for some considerable time unobserved on the tree during severe frosty weather, and the spray of which practically froze as it fell. Some idea of its size may be guessed from the figure of the cat which appears at the foot of the tree. The effect was a truly magnificent spectacle.—STANLEY CROOK.



A SHRUB IN ICE.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There are two sides to most questions, and your paper is scrupulously fair. On January 22nd. you printed a letter from "H. G. H." describing the unmannerly behaviour of two young farmers who declined to help a broken-down motor. May I tell you another tale, of a broken-down cow and an old deaf man nearly blind? Perhaps such an old fellow has no right to drive cows across a main high road; but it is very awkward when the said high road happens to intersect his small holding. I was walking in a field last August, and I was startled by a shot. I called out and looked over a dry-stone wall, expecting rats. I saw an old farmer, a boy, two dogs, a neighbour with a gun and an expiring cow. They were very quiet; the neighbour answered my questions by degrees. She had been ailing four weeks. She would do no good; they might as well "put her down." She was hurt inside; she had been hit in the flank by a motor-car. Did it stop? No. What was the number? He could not see; he was "dazed like," pointing to the old man. Were the cows straying in the road? No; he was just driving them across the road from the meadow to the shippon to be milked. How many cows have they got? Four live cows and this dead one. The old man, speaking for the first time, remarked, quietly, "Hoo were licking herself." The poor beast had stopped to brush away a fly and had been knocked into the hedge. If "H. G. H.'s" friend and other automobilists wish to propitiate farmers, let them inaugurate a fund to compensate the victims of those motorists who run away. I know a district where farmers would be very chary of helping a broken-down motor (short of serious disaster or substantial reward). The source of their antipathy is a flock of sheep cut up in the dusk by an unknown motor, and a valued sheepdog killed by a well-known local motorist, who was very unwilling to pay for it.—NORTH LANCs.

HEN-HARRIER CAUGHT AT SEA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The accompanying photograph is of a hen-harrier brought into Lowestoft by a fishing-boat some time ago. It was caught at sea in an exhausted condition. Its feathers were wet, and the bird battered and almost dead.—F. R. L.



CAUGHT AT SEA.